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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1848.

REVIEWS

Italy, Past and Present. By L. Mariotti. 2 vols. Chapman.

The half-dozen years which have elapsed since Signor Mariotti published the first volume of this work [Ath. No. 716], have been momentous ones for Italy: marked by the appearance of a brilliant and unexpected hope, appearing at a moment when matters seemed almost hopeless,—marked, too, by some progress in sacrifice and self-restraint on the part of a people not much given to the practice of the prudential virtues. That the protests of preachers of moral force should have replaced the plottings of conspirators, however righteously animated, is a sign which indicates that the wisdom of the time has begun to temper the enthusiasms of those whose sole idea of redress lay in their enthusiasm. Whatever be thought of hero-worship—whatever be urged against the epoch in which we are living as frivolous, emasculate, shopkeeping, &c.,—that is a high moment, for nations or individuals, at which mere showy heroism ceases to be appealed to as the one saving grace and the sole true patriotism—when the cries of lukewarmness, servility, and other such irritating taunts no longer suffice to precipitate the best and bravest of a country into unequal contests. With this view, we rejoice to see every addition made by intellectual strength to resolution; since, when the latter is thus nurtured, that ferocious fool-hardiness is impossible which has made so many a movement having regeneration for its object become a sanguinary piece of tragicomedy redounding to the justification and triumph of bigotry and oppression. We are glad of every trustworthy contribution to our stores of information enabling lookers-on to see where they may encourage, sympathize and assist, without becoming “art and part” in those delirious and chaotic proceedings from which true men recoil. Therefore, among other publications throwing light upon Italian mind, and contributions which may assist our own conclusions, we are glad to receive this re-issue of Signor Mariotti’s work: the second moiety of which—a closely-printed volume of four hundred and fifty pages—consists, we are informed, of entirely new matter.

With the latter, of course, we shall deal exclusively. Some idea of the range of topics treated may be gathered from a rapid enumeration of the chapters. The first is entitled ‘Mazzini,’ and contains notices of past Carbonaro revolutions—“Young Italy” and our own Foreign Office not forgotten. The second, ‘Foscolo,’ includes speculations on the position of Italian exiles in countries not their own. The third on ‘Manzoni’ touches on that perplexing movement of high Catholicism and Liberalism in company which at some stage of its progress will offer to Christendom a new enigma not very easy of solution. The fourth on ‘Grossi,’ includes also Rosini, Varese, Bazzoni, Cantù, D’Azeglio and Guerrazzi,—in fine, the flower of modern Italian romancers. The fifth is given up to Pellico—the sixth to Niccolini’s tragedies and Giusti’s humorous poetry. The seventh deals with Count Litta’s book on the ‘Aristocracy of Italy,’—a pregnant subject. Chapter the eighth opens the grave question of national education;—chapter the ninth the ‘Condition of Women,’ with Countess Anna Pepoli’s book for text. The last three and most important chapters are devoted to that much-talked of anti-Jesuit writer, the Abate

Gioberti—to the present state of opinion—and to Pius the Ninth. There is no want in the above, it will be owned, of matter instinct with deep and universal interest.

In the treatment of these several subjects there is no want of much that is sincere, suggestive, and calling for admiration. But we must notice the absence of that calmness, and that closeness of texture, which should distinguish philosophical history. To Signor Mariotti’s very remarkable command over the English language we have already, more than once, borne willing testimony. We recognize, too, cordially, his resolution to be independent as a thinker. But he falls short of that evenness of temper which becomes a philanthropic observer. While he appears to be honourably clear of that blind partizanship in which so many indulge their own personality,—calling it, and believing it to be patriotism,—he seems perpetually tempted to petulance in digression, epithet, conclusion—to be frequently overmastered by a sarcastic and cavilling spirit, in points, where justice and serenity are one. We need seek no further for instance of this than his chapter on Ugo Foscolo;—by way of symphony to which we are favoured with a dissertation on the position of the Italian in England, as curiously cross-grained and incoherent a “piece” as any treatise on national manners that has appeared,—those by Americans in England and Englishwomen in America not forgotten. Let us begin with a few words regarding the misfortunes of the “haughty, stubborn and fierce” man of letters whom England ruined (since we are no longer to say *befriended*).—

Foscolo was intended for a man of action and strife: ease and fortune unmoved and demoralized him. Had he landed in England obscure and unfriended, had his energies been roused by want and adversity, he would have carved his way through all obstacles and made his own destiny. As it was, bewildered by a first gleam of ephemeral success, lulled by the calm security of the haven into which Fortune rocked him, he only thought of enjoying an opulence which he fancied he had found ready made. He was soon, and roughly, awakened from his dream indeed, but disappointment was not so easy for him to brook as despondency. It was fatal, indeed, that the well-meaning liberality and hospitality of the English people should be exercised in favour of a man who could but misconstrue it into a homage due to the superiority of his mind and character; and it was still more fatal that his friends, either too soon thinking he had been amply provided for, or too easily repulsed by the haughtiness, stubbornness, and, we might almost say, fierceness of the man’s manners, with but few exceptions, abandoned him to his evil genius, and suffered him to pine away in want and obscurity, and to die broken-hearted. The building of the *Digamma Cottage*, the sumptuous banquets to his numerous friends, the hundred extravagances of a man embarrassed with the conceit of a sudden affluence of wealth, and which were so soon to lead to distress and humiliation, were but the result of that improvident kindness whose zeal frustrates its object, hastens and aggravates the very evil which it most strenuously strives to avert.”

From the above it may be seen that we spoil our stranger guests. Elsewhere we are accused wholesale of “an ungenerous spirit” in our literary treatment of foreigners, one and all. It is complained that we shut the doors of government employment against the Italian—that we regard him with “invincible repugnance and suspicion”—that we are “too civil by half” to him—that we never treat him to that “off-handed, easy, but warm and hearty manner which is so peculiar to the English”—that he is much petted, indulgently received, but enjoys none of our confidence—that he

can never “find himself perfectly at home in this country.” These hard charges may be, in part, true. We English are perhaps too considerate of strangers; seeing that among our own people we are *not* given to make reciprocal allowances—Church watching Chapel

Trade pecking at Profession—and our fine ladies and old women, all down the alphabet, hating one another with an upright and downright honesty which it keeps the heart warm to think of. We may be too apt to strain our courtesies in behalf of those who cannot know our customs—who are terrified by the “appalling expensiveness of our living”—who are never weary of bemoaning our dreary climate, and of satirizing, either enthusiastically or bitterly, our taste in art, manners, forms of religious observance, &c.—To such guests—as Signor Mariotti says—we may be over-gracious in our welcome,—especially, seeing that they do not come to us from good-will, but out of sad necessity; since (again to quote our author) “no Frenchman or Italian who can help it leaves his native country.” But can the author not also find in this last-stated fact, and in its consequence, the intense self-occupation of those flung on our hospitality by circumstances which they would fain have averted? can he not—in the inevitably one-sided eagerness of the political refugee—in the egotistic self-absorption of the artist—in the diseased appetite for perpetual comparison created by the exile’s homesickness—admit a reason for the absence of entire confidence in intercourse, where such exists?—So simple and obvious a solution gathered from his own essay seems never to have dawned upon Signor Mariotti. It is easier for him to reflect on the English barbaric profusion in our first welcome of Ugo Foscolo than upon the barbaric haughtiness and violence of his Italian character—which, when the fever of novelty was over, rendered all interchange of the charities and courtesies of every-day life impossible.

We have dwelt upon this matter because modern peace and enlightenment make a temperate and clear insight into it increasingly necessary; and because it is the half-thinkers and the half-reasoners—the closet hermits or coterie witnesses—who in pages like those on which we have been commenting, perpetuate mistrust and reserve, and keep the really noble and generous minds of all nations from mingling without fear or favour. Further, it illustrates the mixture of untowardness with acuteness to which we have pointed as a characteristic of Signor Mariotti’s writings,—enabling us without much hesitation to assign him his place among contemporary witnesses. In that place, however, he is shrewd—often eloquent—always entertaining; and as we believe, thoroughly sincere. To anatomize his book chapter by chapter is obviously impracticable: we will, therefore, further content ourselves with detaching from it a few insulated passages,—adding a word or two by way of comment.

We shall make a long skip over the characters of the contemporary Italian romancers and dramatists and the analysis of their works given by Signor Mariotti. To us their skill and their eloquence, and that certain high-toned picturesqueness which also marks the class, are hardly more remarkable than their utter want of freshness. Correct as they are to the “golden-eyed needle of the period,” there is scarcely one novel or drama amongst them which a man need have crossed the Alps to write—not one from which scene, speech, or descriptive passage has ever occurred to us when on the spot prescribed. Our correspondent from the Trevisan [Ath. No. 936], when wondering that the scenery of Italy was never revealed in its literature,

though recorded by the Titians and Bassanos in the backgrounds of their pictures—might have extended his remark to the national humours and characteristics of the Piedmontese, the Lombard, the Florentine, the Venetian. A child who commands two words of the language must see how rich these are,—a novice who has ever tried to put a couple of sentences or traits together must feel what tempting material they offer. Yet the patriotic authors of modern Italy will elaborate bloody and “violent” family legends (as Moore called them when dissuading Byron from ‘*I due Foscari*’)—or offer bloodless historical harangues fit enough for an Academy but intolerable in fiction—just as mercilessly as if they dwelt in a desert where neither man wrought nor woman blossomed,—where there was never a *Checco* or a *Ghita* who had a soul to be saved, a tongue to speak withal, or his own odd ways at church or market. A really popular author in Italy would be a god-send not to be sufficiently prized. We would gladly commit to the flames a whole hecatomb of trashy or turgid or inflated books against the Jesuits and “all their trumpery,” if we might be favoured in their stead with one evidence that Italian imagination was healthily and cheerfully dealing with daily life and living and breathing humanity. Athens and Rome were wondrous stately, Arcadia passing fair; but give us a Venetian *Riva*, or a bridge over the “riotous Adige,” or a Como market-boat, or a *contrabandista* on Lake Lugano! For any such scenes or people, so far as we know, we have as yet to ask in vain.

Let us refer to Signor Mariotti’s book for some account of a writer who may be said to represent Italian wants of another form and order than the above.—

Berchet’s successor in public favour, as the Poet of the times, was a less ambitious, but more versatile genius, the ‘Italian Bergeron,’ Giusti. When we distinguish the only really living poet of Italy by an appellation which we hear frequently applied to him, we do not mean to do so in disparagement to his just claims as an original poet. Giusti may be a rival, but no imitator of the French songster. Some of the manner, the metre, the quaint burdens to the songs, undoubtedly, were suggested by the models of the popular printer-poet; but the quiet sarcasm, the raciness, the bold, laconic utterance of the Italian are essentially his own, they are the immediate result of the *arguteness* of a language wonderful in its manifoldness, in the inexhaustableness of its unsuspected resources. For the last ten years the poems of Giusti have performed in Italy the office of ‘Punch,’ or ‘the Charivari’; and if the Italians are so far able to avail themselves of the latitude of the press which they have lately obtained as to establish ‘Il Pasquino,’ or any other popular periodical work in the style of their own Anglicised *Pulcinella*, it is Giusti alone that should be entrusted with the editorship. Written in the secret of his closet, and strown to the winds, like Sibylline lives, those songs ‘La Cronica dello Stivale,’ ‘Girella,’ and perhaps fifty more, travelled from mouth to mouth with astonishing speed; they were copied with unweared diligence, stuck up like play-bills at the corners of the street, sent by post, or laid under the napkin at the breakfast table of the exalted personages they were intended for, until they at last made their way into the world by the means of a clandestine publication, under the quaint title ‘Poesie tratte da un testo a pena,’ and bearing the infallible date, ‘Italia,’—the accommodating fatherland, during the distress of her sons, being made the common receiver of all contraband goods. The poetry of Giusti was as new to Italy as the peculiar position of the country itself. The Italian muse substitutes satire for heroics, even as Italian patriotism lays its hopes on moderate and conciliatory, rather than violent, measures. Berchet taught his countrymen the language of sorrow and wrath, Giusti that of scorn and derision: the former preached a crusade against the oppressor of Italy; the latter is satisfied

with raising a laugh,—a low, but deep, bitter, and withering laugh,—at their expence. The Italians have at all times evinced the keenest sense of the ludicrous. *Pasquino* at Rome has done terrible execution both in ancient and modern times; too often the only weapon of a crushed people against overbearing despots, satire in Italy might be charged with ill-nature and scurrility, but never with lack of point and piquancy. Giusti’s humour is of the quietest. It never stoops to indecent contumely, never rises to fierce invective. It is millinery in a quick but subdued tone, a gentlemanly sneer; more, to say the truth, after the manner of French *persiflage* than in the sanguinary tone of Italian pasquinade. The style is distinguished by nerve and laconism; by an adroit spontaneousness which is, however, the result of careful study. Since the publication of Manzoni’s hymns, Italian literature has sent forth nothing so fresh and vigorous as these political satires. They are the earliest manifestation of Italian revival; a flagrant proof of the dependence of literature on the ebb and flow of public spirit. They are the poetry of the age; the poetry of life. Unfortunately, neither prose nor verse can do justice to similar performances in a foreign garb. The late specimens of translation from Giusti in one of the English reviews convey nothing but the meaning of the original composition. The words are there, and the sense also, but all inanimate, petrified. It is with Giusti as with all truly original poets. Thought and word are one and indivisible; without its quaint proverbial phraseology, its Tuscan slang, its jingling burden and clinching rhyme, the poet’s wit will sound vapid and trivial. The original itself is a sealed book to mere Italian learners. It contains the quintessence of all that is idiomatic in the language; and the language is much more vast and unfathomable than superficial students are apt to imagine. It is from these considerations alone that we are deterred from any attempt at turning the latest of Giusti’s performances into English. The title itself, ‘Il Re Tentenna,’ ‘King Waverer,’ or ‘King Shilly Shally,’ is not easily rendered. It is a friendly hit at Charles Albert’s irresoluteness and tergiversation. It represents him as playing at see-saw with his subjects; swinging up and down in obedience to the impulse he receives from his two ministers, the good genius, Villamarina the patriot, and the evil demon, Solaro della Margherita the Austro-Jesuit. The king himself is portrayed as a mixture of craft and cowardice, giving in to the suggestions of his two opposite advisers, not from honest conviction, but as a matter of need or expediency; eternally oscillating between two fears, uneasiness on the part of his subjects; dread of his grasping neighbour; an instinctive horror of popular insubordination, a secret loathing for Austrian supremacy. It is a masterly performance; and we doubt not it had its due effect in the proper quarter: the measures of reform which have lately been the subject of such wild and loud rejoicings at Turin and Genoa were most probably determined by the laugh Giusti had contrived to get up at the royal shuffler’s expense. Happy times are these for Italy when a song has power to influence the destinies of the country. With the exception of Berchet and Giusti, Italian poetry since 1830 can hardly boast of any achievement beyond sterile imitation. Luigi Carrer, Tommaseo, Mamiani, and, perhaps, a score more who have attained a certain height of popularity at home have no great titles to the attention of readers abroad; no chance of giving much trouble to readers in after ages. They are the men of ‘intolerable mediocrity’; and there are hundreds beneath them, at different degrees, whose pretensions are even more limited, whose fame is circumscribed within a narrow district, rooted, like a tree, to the insignificant spot where it grew. On the whole, we confess with regret, there is, perhaps, no country more favourable to servile imitation than Italy. * * * Venefication for the masterpieces of happier generations is no less fatal to the development of original genius in the fine arts. Painting and sculpture never boasted of greater activity in Italy than they display at the present day. Never were schools of design better endowed than the Italian academies in every town or province: never greater encouragement held out to rising talent. The very materials and implements of his calling are freely supplied to the beginner by those liberal institutions. The wonders of

taste, both of Pagan and Christian civilisation, are within his reach. From the marbles to the naked figure, and from this again to the classic works of the great masters, he is made to toil and to plod. Long ecstatic contemplation begets idolatrous veneration. The youth at the academy have no eyes or taste of their own. They exhaust their energies in mere copies. They grow old, soul and body, in the endless drudgery of their complicated training. They acquire correct ideas of design—consummate skill as colourists; but they lose all power of creation. With a devotion to art which has nothing to envy the ‘Wedded Love’ of the Caracci, they labour for years at their canvas. Every thing receives the highest finish at their hands. They work *con amore* and *per amore*. They look for no remuneration beyond self-approval. They all but starve in their studios; or provide for their sustenance by hasty sketches and portraits, for which a market is still to be found. ‘The great performance of their whole life’ is not venal. All personal emolument or profit is made subservient to the main object. If faith is to be found anywhere in Italy, it is in the artist’s heart. At last the ‘work’ is produced. The exhibition-rooms are crowded to suffocation. Critics and amateurs in rapture. Town and country are proud of the achievement of their *valoroso concittadino*. What is it? Why, a Madonna after Correggio, or a Venus after Titian; a Sacra Famiglia after Rubens, or a Sibyl after Domenichino—always something after somebody. They are original pictures, nevertheless. See, the Madonna holds her divine infant on the right knee, not on the left. The Venus is in a supine, not a recumbent, attitude. These trifles—it is grievous to say—too often constitute originally an Italian academy. The copyist—unheard-of daring!—aims at modification and improvement! Reproduction, with slight variations, is dignified into invention.

Though the last paragraph of the above extract breaks, as we have said, other ground than the romancer’s or the poet’s, we are glad to transcribe it, as affording Signor Mariotti’s confirmation of our own views just expressed. We may possibly return to this book again; since two very interesting topics (which M. Michelet has assured us, have a connexion at once inextricable and pernicious), “Women” and “Priests” are touched on in the later portion of the volume.

The Rural Cyclopædia. Edinburgh, Fullarton. *The Farmer’s Library.* Knight.

If the idea of the progress of humanity be not an illusion and the talk about peace and universal brotherhood an absurdity, the best way in which we can help on the one and realize the other is by the application of science to agriculture. The first necessity of mankind is food, and with the first check to this supply comes diminished population. Now, it has been shown that if six men could by constant labour, just support themselves and their families, unless they and their children could devise some means of increasing the produce of the soil by the same amount of labour, they would by their natural increase suffer from want, and their numbers would eventually be small compared to what they might have been with sufficient food. Upon this fact depends the necessity of constantly improving the means of producing food. Again, just in proportion to the facilities which are given for the production of food will be the leisure that certain parts of a community will have to pursue other occupations—to cultivate the mind, improve art, and develop moral and religious feeling. If it may not be so evident that the art of agriculture lies at the foundation of all other arts, it will at once be seen that the cheap and rapid supply of food must always be the first element of a nation’s civilization. It matters not to the nation how the food may be got,—whether from its own soil by the labour of its own sons or from distant regions; whatever tends to dim-

nish the people cultivate d of civil trade in our food cheaper late the improve them the foreign repealed its effects aroused to live of war tivate the world, a determining he must The first strated only so carbon, may be our own plans for commen and botan found the involves art prac few rare agricultur of science principle million. farmers, order of as sense com be nected with to take science friend. The are both looked at and find critical styl the specie precepts come be nected w and we way that The P is before of which great re the copy works of Knowledge acceptable lifications.

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nish the difficulties of supplying food to a people gives them so much more time for the cultivation of the arts, charities and amenities of civilization. It is on this account that protected food-growers are a double evil and free trade in food a double blessing. We cheapen our food in two ways. By bringing it from countries where after paying for carriage it is cheaper than when grown in our own we stimulate the food-growers at home to apply those improvements to their art which speedily enable them to compete with the cheap prices of foreign food. Long before the corn laws were repealed in this country free trade had exerted its effects on our agriculture. The farmer was aroused from the long sleep in which he had indulged,—and told that mankind was trying to live in peace, and that with the cessation of war there was a demand for leisure to cultivate the mind. He was told that the population was rapidly increasing, and that food must be had cheaper. At first he denied that this was possible—either by his own exertions or by procuring food from his neighbours. At last, however, the truth broke in upon him—that food was cheaper in other parts of the world, and that as people in this country were determined to have cheap food at all hazards he must produce it as cheap or be ruined. The first inquiries on this subject soon demonstrated the truth that what we call food is only so much oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon,—which exist abundantly in nature,—may be obtained in inexhaustible supplies in our own country,—and only need some better plans for working into vegetable systems to yield us all we want. Our farmers accordingly commenced the study of physics, chemistry, and botany;—and to their great surprise have found that the practice of agriculture as much involves the principles of science as any other art practised by man. Hence, in place of a few rare volumes or articles in cyclopædias on agriculture seen only in the libraries of men of science, we have now works discussing the principles of scientific farming written for the million. Colleges for farmers, lectures for farmers, books for farmers are becoming the order of the day; and this class, once almost as senseless as their gate-posts, are beginning to take their place with those who can claim science as their master and literature as their friend.

The works named at the head of this notice are both devoted to rural affairs. We have looked into several articles in the 'Cyclopædia'; and find that they are treated in a clear practical style, free at once from fine-drawn scientific speculations and from unmeaning practical precepts. Everything that can by possibility come before the attention of the farmer as connected with his pursuits finds here a place:—and we think the articles are written in such a way that few can fail of understanding them.

The Part of Mr. Knight's publication which before us is full of information on the subject of which it treats:—and we believe, from the great resources which he has at command in the copyright of the 'Cyclopædia' and other works of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, that this work will not be the least acceptable of his numerous and valuable publications.

POETRY OF THE MILLION.

"He," runs the adage, "who is his own counsel hath a fool for his client." A distinguished legal authority once suggested that the axiom was invented for interested purposes by the lawyers themselves:—but be its author who he may, there is no denying that it gains confirmation from Mr. W. R. Harris's *Critique*

on the *Critics*, put forth in defence of the same Mr. Harris's 'Napoleon Pourtrayed.' The pamphlet in question professes to be a protest against our own animadversions and those of some of our contemporaries on the Napoleon epic—and turns out to be in the main a reproduction of the epic itself as its own witness and with a view to shame us. This is a very gallant mode of meeting the question; though as we have said—and of course according to our opinion of the poetical "choose in action"—not a very wise one. Mr. Harris's view no doubt is that a false decision contains the principle of its own reversal—and that his epic will long survive the "puny malice" that has condemned it. To give it another chance he here, as we have said, reprints it with his own opinion: and so satisfying himself, it should be some gratification to him to learn that he at the same time contents us. The best argument on our side we consider also to be the epic—and feel that the defendant has by mistake proved our case. At the same time, we are bound to say that we think the poet has himself some misgivings of the kind—he is so very angry. We put it to him now after the length of time that we have given him to cool, if he thinks his attitude in the 'Critique' is that of a man sure of himself? Surely if he had had the sublime faith in his epic which he affects he might have rested on that for his rebuke, and need not have made mouths at us and called us names. His sense of a strong position should have begotten a dignified placidity of temperament—against which we put his pamphlet in proof. We do not think that even the blindness which has made him his own client and offers 'Napoleon Pourtrayed' as a proof of poetry could possibly induce him to propose this 'Critique' as an evidence of mildness. He says some terrible things to us—and many that sound all the more terrible from being unintelligible. We cannot but feel that satire run mad is a fearful thing:—but it has its amusing side; and so our readers will like to have a taste of Mr. Harris's quality.—

"Constrained to tackle my old enemy, the *Athenæum*, again, I shall once more take the liberty of reviewing this formidable reviewer. I cannot but admire the well-feigned and baby-like simplicity of this modern bird of Athens, who pretends, forsooth, not to comprehend the meaning of the following line:—

Mute—till a heavenly theme his fancy fired! *

Yet I desperately apprehend, that, if single-mindedness and love of truth be requisites, this infantile critic will scarcely enter the kingdom of heaven like a little child. But grope he wilfully, or because the night-bird of Minerva is really purblind, I will enlighten him, and inform him that the author of this pamphlet, of the epic poem 'Napoleon,' and of 'Quem è o traitor?' is one and the same; that he, who, in vindication of a sacred argumentative poem against the infamous critiques of the *Athenæum*, wrote 'Whipcord,' now yields the pen to rebuke and chastise his equally false and insolent notice of 'Napoleon.' I will not inquire whether you remember the following lines, Mr. Editor; you must.—

His hours of idleness to guard to right

His injured use, armed with satiric might,

The 'Minor' Byron dipp'd his pen in gall,

Turnd' on his critics, and overwhelm'd them all!

Bye scribbler! to thy garret he; nor dare

His vengeance to arouse, who fain would spare!

Consult old *Æsop*, who instructeth fools,

"Tis ever dangerous playing with edge-tools!"

Minerva's bird of night, on soty wing;

May silence frogs; or, should a cricket sing,

Pounce safely; scare a warbling nightingale:

But should he dare Jove's eagle to assail,

He hoots no more!—a fierce and mortal wound

Strikes his dull brain; he flutters to the ground:

Sweet Philomel his amorous strain resumes,

Call, then dissemble 'Churnman' to thy aid,

'Charlotte Elizabeth,' dear prim old maid!

Who from four thousand lines not one dared quote,

Enraptured only with the final note!

* Napoleon.

Who, simpering on the admirable Crichton,
Deigns poets minnows, her review a Triton;
That's Churchman who declares ubiquity
(Sole property of the Divinity!)
Participated by th' angelic host;
Hic et ubique like poor Hamlet's Ghost!
Such, valiant souls to damn and discommend
That which their feeble minds to comprehend
Lack sense, like thee, 'blind leader of the blind,'
Who, midst a thousand beauties none can find,
Impotent all to build one stately line,
Whose magic cadence suits a strain divine—
Is scorn ye all! your critic skill deny,
Laugh at your malice, and your power defy!

This seems very dreadful;—though we are not sure. The writer says we must remember the above alarming lines. We think we shall always have a vague and general recollection that such things have been written; but the lines themselves would be very difficult to remember. We perceive the frenzy but not the coherence;—and have always found it difficult to commit "nonsense verse" to heart even where innocent.—But we must escape into poetry. It is no joke, our readers will see, to be at the mercy of the man who wrote 'Whipcord.' We wish there were "no such a person" as Mr. Harris.

Dr. Mackay comes pleasantly to our aid when the spirit of terror wants exorcising by song. It is delightful to get back within the sphere of the humanities. *Town Lyrics* are a soothing application after the stinging of 'Whipcord.' Dr. Mackay deals in strange wild things, too; but the spirits who walk by his side woo us to companionship—and have marks of thought upon their high calm foreheads which can be uttered only in great words.—

Street Companions.

Whene'er through Gray's Inn porch I stray,
I meet a spirit by the way;
He wanders with me all alone,
And talks with me in undertone.

The crowd is busy seeking gold,
It cannot see what I behold;
I and the spirit pass along
Unknown, unnoticed, in the throng.

While on the grass the children run,
And maids go loitering in the sun,
I roam beneath the ancient trees,
And talk with him of mysteries.

The dull brick houses of the square,
The bustle of the thoroughfare,
The sounds, the sights, the crush of men,
Are present, but forgotten then.

I see them, but I heed them not,
I hear, but silence clothes the spot;
All voices die upon my brain
Except that spirit's in the lane.

He breathes to me his burning thought,
He utters words with wisdom fraught,
He tells me truly what I am—
I walk with mighty Verulam.

He goes with me through crowded ways,
A friend and mentor in the maze,
Through Chancery Lane to Lincoln's Inn,
To Fleet Street, through the moil and din.

I meet another spirit there,
A blind old man with forehead fair,
Who ever walks the right hand side,
Toward the fountain of St. Bride.

Amid the peal of jangling bells,
Or peoples' roar that falls and swells,
The whirl of wheels and tramp of steeds,
He talks to me of noble deeds.

I hear his voice above the crush,
As to and fro the people rush:
Benign and calm, upon his face
Sits melancholy robed in grace.

He hath no need of common eyes,
He sees the fields of Paradise;
He sees and pictures unto mine
A gorgeous vision, most divine.

He tells the story of the Fall,
He names the fiends in battle call,
And shows my soul, in wonder dumb,
Heaven, Earth, and Pandemonium.

He tells of Lycidas the good,
And the sweet lady in the wood,
And teaches wisdom, high and holy,
In mirth and heavenly melancholy.

And oftentimes, with courage high,
He raises freedom's rallying cry;
And, ancient leader of the van,
Asserts the dignity of man—

Asserts the rights with trumpet tongue,
That Justice from Oppression wrung.

And poet, patriot, statesman, sage,
Guides by his own a future age.

With such companions at my side
I float on London's human tide;
An atom on its billows thrown,
But lonely never, nor alone.

We find ourselves so much at ease with Dr. Mackay, that we shall borrow one more of his moralities.—

The Floating Straw.

A THOUGHT IN THE PACIFIC. 1847.

The wild waves are my mighty pillows,
Beneath me roll th' Atlantic billows;
And as I rest on my couch of brine
I watch the eternal planets shine.
Ever I ride
On a harmless tide,
Fearing naught—enjoying all things—
Undisturbed by great or small things.
Alas! for the lordly vessel
That sails so gallantly.
The winds may dash it,
The storms may wash it,
The lightnings rend its tall masts three;
But neither the wind, nor the rain, nor the sea
Can injure me—can injure me.
The lightnings cannot strike me down,
Whirlwinds wreck, or whirlpools drown;
And the ship to be lost ere the break of morn,
May pass o'er my head in saucy scorn;
And when the night unveils its face,
I may float, unharmed, in my usual place,
And the ship may show to the pitying stars
No remnant but her broken spars.

Among the shells
In the ocean dell
The ships, the crews, and the captains lie,
But the floating straw looks up to the sky.
And the humble and contented man,
Unknown to fortune, escapes her ban,
And rides secure where breakers leap,
And mighty ships go down to the deep.
May pleasant breezes waft them home
That plough with their keels the driving foam.
Heaven be their hope, and Truth their law;—
There needs no prayer for the floating straw.

Xamayca, a romantic poem in six cantos, by Edwin Lawrence, is curious in more respects than one—the most curious being its pretension to be a poem. The author thinks—with us—that poetry is certainly not dead, but only in a temporary trance; and he seems to have a further opinion—which we do not share—that he is the prince destined to awaken that Sleeping Beauty. Our readers may as well be at once put in a condition to form their own judgment by a specimen of Mr. Lawrence's spells: and for this purpose the first verse of his poem may serve as well as any other.

I come, not from eastern climes, where fame has lighted
Her lustrous lamp to burn perpetual there;
A land so beautiful, angels have delighted
There to live, changing heav'nly joy for worldly care;
A land with nature's marvellous beauties beaming
Bright as the sun which there sheds more than golden rays:
Gaze where'er you list, the sky, the earth is teeming
With enchanting themes to inspire a poet's lays.

But what has more particularly struck us here is the example which this writer affords of one of those fine organizations that *will* instinctively go right in spite of their own efforts to go wrong. The author rather prides himself on his obstinacy in choosing the false path—and gracefully illustrates his case by the example of the Irish pig in the legend. "Popular opinion," he says, "has decided that in these days a writer's railroad to fame is prose; and yet the author of this work obstinately selects the now unhonoured and unfrequented pathway, Poetry." And here, as we have said, it is remarkable how the stars that took care of M. Jourdain have kept Mr. Lawrence right in spite of himself—how, having set his face towards the poetical pole, he has unconsciously walked direct backwards till he reached the opposite one of prose. He may satisfy himself of this by taking any verse of his poem that he pleases and sacrificing the measures—which by the way are very unevenly applied. We will set him a copy. 'Xamayca' is Jamaica; and our author has borrowed Mr. G. P. R. James's two travellers, without their horses.—

"Two youthful travellers had climbed a rugged steep, and laid their wearied limbs upon the soft

green moss o'ergrowing it, lost in admiration deep as their eyes wander'd o'er the enraptured scene expanding to their sight; a scene beheld by few. There art with nature was so matchlessly combined that where'er the eye roved there opened to the view all that could please the fancy or enthrall the mind." We challenge our readers—and the author too—to cut this into the proper lengths again, without the help of the book.

One more short quotation we must make for the sake of a hint to this and other poets of the "Million" class.

And should my song but gather from your brow one care,
Delight one idle moment as it fleeth hence,
Or pluck from your bosom one sorrow rooted there,
It will for my toll be sufficient recompence.

Now, believing that this writer means kindly, we think it best to tell him frankly that his poem will do no one of all these things to which he looks for his reward. On the contrary, the publication of a poem like this never leaves the world so happy as it found it. There is a new discord in life—a fresh element, however small, of annoyance or disappointment. The author may have, or make, friends—and it may vex them; some one may take it up by some strange accident in after days—and be disappointed; there may—nay must—be a pecuniary loss somewhere. The birth of such poetry is, therefore, but an evil:—and if "the Million" would but think of this, the series to which this article belongs need not be inexhaustible—and we should not have so many volumes of prosaic poetry in reserve for our future occasions.

Cosmos: Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By Alexander von Humboldt. Translated under the superintendence of Lieut.-Col. E. Sabine. Vol. II. Parts I. and II. Longman & Co.

Kosmos: A Survey of the General Physical History of the Universe. Vol. II. Parts I. and II. Baillière.

In noticing the first volume of this work in 1845 [see *Ath.* No. 929] we expressed our admiration at the perfection of the outline Sketch of the physical universe then given to the world by its author; and whom we know of no other man so well trained by extensive travel, careful observation, literary and scientific acquirements, and general intellectual cultivation, for the task. The influence of the external world upon the mind—the effect of the impressions made by nature in her varied forms on the feelings and imagination—a search into the inner world of thought and sensation—a psychological examination of the strange phenomena that spring from the mysterious links between the seen and the unseen—form the subject of Humboldt's second volume; of which two several translations are now before us. Notwithstanding the penetration of the venerable philosopher's well-trained mind and the extraordinary amount of erudition concentrated on this investigation—which places before the reader in the most striking manner the progress of civilization and the extension of intellectual dominion—we are not satisfied that Humboldt has executed this portion of his labours as ably as the preliminary examination of visible phenomena. The present discussion has obviously been brought to its termination by long enduring and anxious toil. It bears internal evidence of task-work; and wants the unity which testifies to an author's perception of his subject as a complete whole. It is far easier, however, to criticize than to execute: and the book is so full of beauties that, notwithstanding our sense of a want of continuity of thought and an occasional difficulty in embracing the author's meaning, we have constantly returned to it as to the gift of a chosen mind, and never laid aside without

the consciousness of having increased our knowledge and stimulated our appetite for truth.

It must be evident to the reflecting mind that its sensations take their rise from influences acting from without—that the peculiarities of thought and feeling which manifest themselves in the individual, and direct his labours to a particular end, have sprung from impressions made by external objects, although memory may fail to recover the traces of the original cause. On this point Humboldt gives us the evidence of his own experience.—

"I here limit myself to the consideration of incidents of a scientific study of nature; and in so doing, I would recall the lessons of experience which tell us how often impressions received by the senses from circumstances seemingly accidental, have so acted on the youthful mind as to determine the whole direction of the man's course through life. Childish pleasure in the form of countries and of seas, as delineated in maps, the desire to behold those southern contemplations which have never risen in our horizon; the sight of palms and of the cedars of Lebanon, figured in a pictorial Bible, may have implanted in the spirit the first impulse to travels in distant lands. If I might have recourse to my own experience, and say what awakened in me the first beginnings of an indistinguishable longing to visit the tropics, I should name George Forster's descriptions of the islands of the Pacific—paintings, by Hodge, in the house of Warren Hastings, in London, representing the banks of the Ganges—and a colossal dragon tree in an old tower of the Botanic Garden at Berlin. These objects, which I here cite as exemplifications taken from fact, belong respectively to descriptions of nature flowing from a mind inspired by her contemplation, to imitative art in landscape painting, and to the immediate view of characteristic natural objects. Such incitements are, however, only influential when general influential cultivation prevails, and when they address themselves to dispositions suited to their reception, and in which a particular course of mental development has heightened the susceptibility to natural impressions."

Proceeding upon this view, the influences exerted on the early races of men by the natural scenery which surrounded them are examined; and it is observed that the varied richness of nature never so far influenced the Greek mind as to give rise to descriptive poetry as an especial branch of literature. "With them the landscape is always the mere background of a picture in the foreground of which human figures are moving." The following passages explain our author's views.

"Let us not forget that Grecian scenery possessed the peculiar charm of blended and intermingled land and sea; the breaking waves and changing brightness of the resounding ocean, amid shores adorned with vegetation, or picturesque cliffs richly tinged with aerial hues. Whilst to other nations the different features and the different pursuits belonging to the sea and to the land appeared separate and distinct, the Greeks, not only of the islands, but also of almost all the southern portion of the mainland, enjoyed the continual presence of the greater variety and richness, as well as of the higher character of beauty, given by the contact and mutual influence of the two elements. How can we imagine that a race so happily organized by nature, and whose perception of beauty was so intense, should have been unmoved by the aspect of the wood-crowned cliffs of the deeply indented shores of the Mediterranean, the varied distribution of vegetable forms, and, spread over all, the added charms dependent on atmospheric influences varying by a silent interchange with the varying surfaces of land and sea, of mountain and of plain, as well as with the varying hours and seasons? Or how, in the age when the poetic tendency was highest, can emotions of the mind thus awakened through the senses have failed to resolve themselves into ideal contemplation? The Greeks, we know, imagined the vegetable world connected by a thousand mythical relations with the heroes and the gods: avenging chastisement following injury to the sacred trees or plants. But while trees and flowers were animated and personified, the prevailing forms of poetry in

which the unfolded descriptions of nature poets, in tumultuous, singing, where the mourns verdant narcissus beaming his native waters bright in the pictures and Laco Pamis the Sicilian matric form. The human Theocritus reached ment is it had arrived if in the ever blen of nature expired became the geographic man, appr actors a The P mens is With the Rom for inferior beauty, and were every-day contempor. Lucretius interwoven of a common phenom Ovid, It time a their cou all are already Christ its mourns. I thought Christian his work in nature following. "Whe and each the vari at my fe double de colour; a the wand with a s When, in tall, and ornamen and regul absorbe in union drous for of the mi

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which the peculiar mental development of the Greeks unfolded itself, allowed but a limited space to descriptions of nature. Yet, a deep sense of the beauty of nature breaks forth sometimes even in their tragic poets, in the midst of deep sadness, or of the most tumultuous agitation of the passions. When Oedipus is approaching the grove of the Furies, the chorus sings 'the noble resting-place of glorious Colonos, where the melodious nightingale loves to dwell, and mounds in clear and plaintive strains.' It sings 'the verdant darkness of the thick embowering ivy, the narcissus bathed in the dews of heaven, the golden beaming crocus, and the ineradicable, ever fresh-springing olive tree.' Sophocles, in striving to glorify his native Colonos, places the lofty form of the fate-pursued, wandering king, by the side of the sleepless waters of the Cephissus, surrounded by soft and bright imagery. The repose of nature heightens the impression of pain called forth by the desolate aspect of the blind exile, the victim of a dreadful and mysterious destiny. Euripides also takes pleasure in the picturesque description of 'the pastures of Messenia and Laconia, refreshed by a thousand fountains, under an ever mild sky, and through which the beautiful Pamis rolls his stream.' Bucolic poetry, born in the Sicilian fields, and popularly inclined to the dramatic, has been called, with reason, a transitional form. These pastoral epics on a small scale depict human beings rather than scenery: they do so in Theocritus, in whose hands this form of poetry reached its greatest perfection. A soft elegiac element is indeed everywhere proper to the idyll, as if it had arisen from 'the longing for a lost ideal,' or as if in the human breast a degree of melancholy were ever blended with the deeper feelings which the view of nature inspires. When the true poetry of Greece expired with Grecian liberty, that which remained became descriptive, didactic, instructive;—astronomy, geography, and the arts of the hunter and the fisherman, appeared in the age of Alexander and his successors as objects of poetry, and were indeed often adorned with much metrical skill.'

The Romans' appreciation of natural phenomena is next examined; and truly it is said— "With all their capacity for practical activity, the Romans, in their cold gravity and measured sobriety of understanding, were as a people far inferior to the Greeks in the perception of beauty, and far less sensitive to its influences; and were much more devoted to the realities of every-day life than to an idealizing poetic contemplation of nature." The great poem of Lucretius, in which poetry and philosophy are interwoven, and in which we have the evidence of a comprehensive mind embracing all cosmical phenomena—the writings of Cicero, Virgil, Ovid, Pliny, and others who convey to all time a reflection of the mental tendencies of their countrymen—are severally reviewed; and all are shown to lead to the general conclusion already quoted.

Christianity then rises on the world, and gilds its mountains and its valleys with a new brightness. Beneath its influences fresh modes of thought had birth; and the tendency of the Christian mind to glorify the Deity through his works awakened a new disposition to indulge in natural descriptions.—The author quotes the following from 'Gregory of Nyssa.'

"When I behold each craggy hill, each valley, and each plain clothed with fresh-springing grass; and the varied foliage with which the trees are adorned; at my feet the lilies to which nature has given a double dower, of sweet fragrance and of beauty of colour; and in the distance the sea, towards which the wandering cloud is sailing, my mind is possessed with a sadness which is not devoid of enjoyment. When, in autumn, the fruits disappear, the leaves fall, and the branches of the trees stripped of their ornaments hang lifeless, in viewing this perpetual and regularly recurring alternation, the mind becomes absorbed in the contemplation, and rapt as it were in union with the many-voiced chorus of the wondrous forces of nature. Whoso gazes through these with the inward eye of the soul feels the littleness of man in the greatness of the universe."

We cannot attempt to follow the writer in his examination of the several nations and people through which similar influences can be traced. What he has done in this department leads us to regret that his survey has not been more extended and that he has not observed a more strict chronological order of arrangement.—

"I have endeavoured in this section to unfold in a fragmentary manner the different influence which the external world, that is, the aspect of animate and inanimate nature, has exercised at different epochs, and among different races and nations, on the inward world of thought and feeling. I have tried to accomplish this object by tracing throughout the history of literature, the particular characteristics of the vivid manifestation of the feelings of men in regard to nature. In this, as throughout the whole of the work, my aim has been to give not so much a complete, as a general, view, by the selection of such examples as should best display the peculiarities of the various periods and races. I have followed the Greeks and Romans to the gradual extinction of those feelings which have given to classical antiquity in the West an imperishable lustre; I have traced in the writings of the Christian fathers of the Church the fine expression of a love of nature nursed in the seclusion of the hermitage. In considering the Indo-Germanic nations, (the denomination being here taken in its most restricted sense), I have passed from the poetical works of the Germans in the middle ages, to those of the highly cultivated ancient East Asian nations (the Indians); and of the less gifted West Asians (the inhabitants of ancient Iran). After a rapid glance at the Celtic or Gaelic songs, and at a newly discovered Finnish epic, I have described the rich perception of the life of nature which, in races of Aramean or Semitic origin, breathes in the sublime poetry of the Hebrews, and in the writings of the Arabians. Thus I have traced the reflected image of the world of phenomena, as mirrored in the imagination of the nations of the north and the south-east of Europe, of the west of Asia, of the Persian plateau, and of tropical India. In order to conceive nature in all her grandeur, it seemed to me necessary to present her under a two-fold aspect; first objectively, as an actual phenomenon; and next as reflected in the feelings of mankind. After the fading of Aramaic, Greek, and Roman glory—I might say after the destruction of the ancient world—we find in the great and inspired founder of a new world, Dante Alighieri, scattered passages which manifest the most profound sensibility to the aspect of external nature. The period at which he lived followed immediately that of the decline of the minstrelsy of the Swabian Minnesingers, on the north side of the Alps, of whom I have already spoken. Dante, when treating of natural objects, withdraws himself for a time from the passionate, the subjective, and the mystic elements of his wide range of ideas. Inimitably does he paint, for instance, at the close of the first canto of the Purgatorio, the sweet breath of morning, and the trembling light on the gently agitated distant mirror of the sea ('il tremolar de la marina'); in the fifth canto, the bursting of the clouds and the swelling of the rivers, which, after the battle of Campaldino, caused the body of Buonconte da Montefeltro to be lost in the Arno. The entrance into the thick grove of the terrestrial paradise reminds the poet of the pine forest near Ravenna: 'la pineta in sul lito di Chiassi,' where the early song of birds is heard in the tall trees. The local truth of this natural picture contrasts with the description of the river of light in the heavenly paradise, from which 'sparks burst forth, sink amidst the flowers on the banks, and then, as if intoxicated by their perfumes, plunge again into the stream.' It seems not impossible that this fiction may have had for its groundwork the poet's recollection of that peculiar state of the ocean, in which, during the beating of the waves, luminous points dash above the surface, and the whole liquid plain forms a moving sea of sparkling light. The extraordinary conciseness of the style of the *Divina Commedia* augments the depth and earnestness of the impression produced. Lingered on Italian ground, but avoiding those frigid compositions, the pastoral romances, I would next name the sonnet in which Petrarch describes the impression which the lovely valley of Vaucluse made on him when

Laura was no more; then, the smaller poems of Boiardo, the friend of Hercules of Este; and at a later period some noble stanzas by Vittoria Colonna."

From this point of time the Sketch is continued down to our own age; and the influences which led to the wider dissemination of these peculiar forms of thought are examined. We are tempted to make one quotation from this latter part, referring to a writer who has long been among the especial favourites of the young reader.—

"In referring to modern prose writers, I dwell with peculiar complacency on that small production of the creative imagination to which Bernardin de St. Pierre owes the fairest portion of his literary fame—I mean 'Paul and Virginia:' a work such as scarcely any other literature can show. It is the simple but living picture of an island in the midst of the tropic seas, in which, sometimes smiled on by serene and favouring skies, sometimes threatened by the violent conflict of the elements, two young and graceful forms stand out picturesquely from the wild luxuriance of the vegetation of the forest, as from a flowery tapestry. Here, and in the 'Chamüière Indienne,' and even in the 'Études de la Nature,' (which are unhappily disfigured by extravagant theories and erroneous physical views), the aspect of the sea, the grouping of the clouds, the rustling of the breeze in the bushes of the bamboo, and the waving of the lofty palms, are painted with inimitable truth. Bernardin de St. Pierre's master-work, 'Paul and Virginia,' accompanied me into the zone to which it owes its origin. It was read there for many years by my dear companion and friend Bonpland and myself, and there—(let this appeal to personal feelings be forgiven)—under the silent brightness of the tropical sky, or when, in the rainy season on the shores of the Orinoco, the thunder crashed and the flashing lightning illuminated the forest, we were deeply impressed and penetrated with the wonderful truth with which this little work paints the power of nature in the tropical zone in all its peculiarity of character."

In the chapter devoted to 'Incitements to the Study of Nature' a prominent place is given to landscape painting; but in his views on this subject we perceive rather the peculiar bias of the author's mind — influenced, as we have already seen it was, in its first spring by "paintings by Hodge"—than a true representation of a general feeling. His remark is worth repeating — that "if large panoramic buildings containing a succession of such landscapes, belonging to different geographical latitudes and different lines of elevation, were erected in our cities, and, like our museums and galleries of paintings, thrown freely open to the people, it would be a powerful means of making the sublime grandeur of the creation more widely known and felt."

Through the history of the physical contemplation of the universe — which is naturally divided into several remarkable epochs, such as the conquests of Alexander, the reign of the intellectual Ptolemies, the Roman Empire, and the like — the reader who would follow the author must refer to his book. The influences of the geographical features of a country and the results of geological phenomena in spreading thoughts and feelings form a pleasing study amid that of the effects of the conquests to which are principally due the advances of civilization westward. Commerce early lent her aid to the great work. The Tyrian navigator and the Phoenician merchant, passing the Pillars of Hercules and finding on our own shores (the Cassiterides) the rarest of metals, tin,—brought with them the refinements of their countries, and diffused amongst the uncultivated races whom they visited new wants and fresh feelings. On the Roman Empire and the spread of knowledge by its means Humboldt has the following remarks.—

"This empire, stretching from the western extremity of Europe to the Euphrates, from Britain and part of

Caledonia to Getulia and the limits of the Libyan Desert, not only offered the greatest variety of form of ground, organic productions, and physical phenomena, but also presented mankind in every gradation from cultivation to barbarism, and from the possession of ancient knowledge and long practised arts, to the first twilight of intellectual awakening. Distant expeditions to the North and to the South, to the Amber Coasts, and (under *Aelius Gallus* and *Balbus*) to Arabia and the Garamantes, were carried out with unequal success. Measurements of the whole empire were begun even under Augustus, by Greek geometers, Zenodorus and Polycletus; and itineraries and special topographies were prepared (as had indeed been done some centuries earlier in the Chinese empire), for distribution amongst the several governors of provinces. These were the first statistical works which Europe produced. Many extensive prefectures were traversed by Roman roads, divided into miles; and Hadrian even visited the different parts of his empire, though not without interruption, in an eleven years' journey, from the Iberian peninsula to Judea, Egypt, and Mauritania. Thus a large portion of the globe, subject to the Roman dominion, was opened and made traversable; 'perius orbis,' as the chorus in Seneca's *Medea* less justly prophesies of the whole earth. We might, perhaps, have expected that during the enjoyment of long-continued peace, and the union under a single monarchy of such extensive countries and different climates, the facility and frequency with which the provinces were traversed by civil and military functionaries, often accompanied by a numerous train of educated men possessed of varied information, would have been productive of extraordinary advances, not only in geography, but also in the knowledge of nature generally, and in the formation of higher views concerning the connection of phenomena. Such high expectations were not, however, realized."

The seeds of decay were already developing their visible phenomena. "The eternal city had become the centre of too great a circle; the spirit which could permanently animate a body so vast and composed of so many members was wanting."

We rise from the study of a book like this divided between hopes and fears—but the former far outnumbering. We are in the enjoyment of liberal institutions—and wield the all-powerful engine, for good or for evil, of a free press. Thought is unshackled save by a few superstitious bonds that are gradually loosening. Science holds a high place among us, and Art looks upward with a brightening aspect. Never since the world began has there been any epoch so marked as the present by the wonderful application of the powers of nature to the wants of man. We hold the key by which we may lock in one common brotherhood all the nations of Europe—and finally the world; making peace the universal desire and the interchange of thought the universal instinct of every people. Commerce is spreading the abundance of manufacture—gradually offering luxuries as well as necessities to all. The drawback from all these things which yet minister to our fears is in the influences of resistance that are still at work—vainly in the end, yet too effectually for the present—seeking to renew the rivets of ancient errors and check the progress of that intellectual diffusion on which depends the universal and elevated contemplation of the Cosmos.

Borneo and the East Indian Archipelago. With Drawings of Costume and Scenery. By Frank J. Marryat.

[Second Notice.]

In noticing this work in conjunction with Mr. Low's 'Sarawak' [ante, p. 77], we expressed a tolerably strong opinion as to its literary demerits,—and hinted at the possibility of our returning to an examination of these and of some other faults which it exhibits. This, after some consideration, we now do,—for the purpose of at once exposing some of the mis-state-

ments which it contains and recording our own disapproval of the spirit which pervades it and the manner in which it has been got up. It is for the competent authorities, not for us, to see that the public service is not permitted to suffer by the insubordination on the one hand or the tyranny on the other of its officers; but where the scientific or literary results of such service are in danger of being tainted by their passions or prejudices, our duty is involved,—and we are scarcely at liberty to leave our readers unfurnished with the tests by which the integrity of the statements affecting the one or the other may be tried.

Mr. Frank J. Marryat—who is a son of the well-known novelist—was engaged to go out in the surveying expedition of the Samarang as midshipman, his chief recommendation being his skill as a draughtsman. We presume, therefore, the understanding would be that his drawings should devolve to those who employed him—namely, the Admiralty; and should, as property of the service, have been surrendered to its commander, Sir Edward Belcher, before Mr. Marryat quitted the ship. This, however, is a question between Mr. Marryat and the Government. The public, who have the benefit of the sketches at any rate, have no concern in the matter excepting in so far as it is desirable to guard against abuse the valuable privilege generally conceded by the high departmental authorities in this country to the members of the services—that of writing and publishing the personal experiences of their campaigns. There is a wide distinction between the courtesy which allows persons to comment on general transactions in which they may have been engaged, and the licence assumed by an individual especially employed for the discharge of a given service to turn that employment to his own emolument—giving up to his private publisher what properly belongs to the official account of the work performed. Mr. Marryat's drawings constitute, as we have said, the principal merit of his book; and for the publication of these we apprehend that he should be able to show express permission from the proper quarter.

Mr. Marryat having left the Samarang, his work comes before the public with no other weight or authority than what may belong to his own individual position, or what it may carry within it. We are bound to show that the circumstances of the one and the evidence of the other combine to throw great suspicion on his evidence as to both the features and wants of the Eastern Archipelago.

Mr. Marryat's separation from the Samarang is understood to have taken place in consequence of differences with his commander; and those differences, it is rumoured, are of a kind which gave to that separation the character of a disgrace. Into the particulars of this matter we have no disposition to inquire; but it is very important that the fact, if true, should be known—because there are statements in the volume which require to be read with that comment. Unquestionably the book has passages which create an inference very unfavourable to Mr. Marryat—highly reprehensible in the mouth of a young officer—and revealing an animus entirely incompatible with a due performance of the service in which he had a subordinate part. As we dwell unwillingly on this part of the subject—and only for the sake of the caution which it suggests—we will content ourselves with a single example; passing over the frequent explosions of hostile feeling towards Sir Edward Belcher which give a character of untrustworthiness to the pages. When the Samarang sank in the Sarawak river—and all the appliances of science and skill were

brought into play to raise her, Mr. Marryat writes as follows:—"There were but very few of the officers and crew who ever wished to see her afloat again." "It certainly was not a labour of love. We had to raise a ship which we hoped would remain where she was." In defiance of Mr. Marryat's authority, we utterly disbelieve such an assertion where a body of British officers and seamen are concerned: but had it been to any considerable extent true, we should have to look on the successful extrication of the vessel as a yet greater marvel of nautical art than we had hitherto been disposed to consider it. Both at Singapore and in London it was thought impossible to recover the ship; and parties went over from the former place to bid for the timbers of the wreck. Surely the "friends" at whose solicitation a work containing such passages as these is published have been most unwise. It is impossible for us not to see in them the expression of a mutinous spirit which confirms the report of Mr. Marryat's dismissal—and would, under whatever amount of provocation, professionally justify it. To this moral impeachment of the book there are literary ones to be added which are quite visible in its page:—and from such sources as we have at hand we will proceed to indicate shortly a few of the many errors that taint the whole volume with the character of unsafe reading.

In his Preface Mr. Frank J. Marryat takes occasion to point out the general faithlessness of all drawings of oriental scenery. A rough sketch, he says, is usually put into the hands of a clever artist; who transforms it into a pretty picture, but one destitute of local truth—the ornamental vegetation not being indigenous to the country. On a former occasion we spoke of the manipulative skill with which the drawings in this volume are made; but closer inspection warns us that their *local truth* cannot always be relied on. Mr. Marryat's sketch of "Quelpartians" is conspicuously ornamented with cocoa-nut trees. Now, if we are not mistaken, there has not been a single cocoa-nut tree yet found on the island of Quelpart—or in any other country within some degrees of the same latitude. The climate is too cold for the growth of the tree in question.

At page 6 of the narrative we meet with several specimens of a class of errors which are very abundant throughout Mr. Marryat's subsequent pages—namely, false writing of proper names of persons and places. For example, to give only a few of those which we had marked:—he writes Tangong for Tanjung; Muda Hassem—and subsequently Hassan—for Muda Hassim (a form almost as familiar to the reading public as that of Victoria); Sakanon for Sakanan; Serebus for Sarebus; Loondo for Lundu; Wa-Wa for Wou-Wou; Kalabutan for Kabatuan; Dusums for Dusems; Gotti island for Goto island; Guipat for Quelpart; Sampitan for Sumpitan; Macuta for Meta; Keeney Balloo for Kini Balu; Ku-king-san for Koo-kein-san, &c. &c. We are well aware that the spelling of oriental names is often arbitrary and variable,—and that a departure from the usual forms is not necessarily a proof of ignorance; but such changes as those here indicated suggest rather an absence of sound knowledge than the presence of an innovating mind.

At page 7, speaking of the Sarawak rivers, Mr. Marryat says, "all these rivers are infested with alligators," &c. For "alligators" read crocodiles. No other authority now speaks of the alligator—*Crocodilus bifurcatus*.

Page 13 gives an incorrect idea of the mode of suspending heads in the head-house of the Dyaks—which may be corrected by reference to 'The Narrative of the Samarang,' vol. 1, page 27.

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At page 14 the stays of the Dyak women are described as made "of several circles of whalebone." The Dyaks have no whalebone.

Page 45 contains some remarks about Ternate which show the getting-up of the book. Similar evidences are scattered liberally throughout—but here they are distinctly appreciable. It is said, "the island of Ternate is governed by a sultan," &c.—and "in this island the boa constrictor grows to a large size," &c. Now, these things may be perfectly true: but the reader who finds them so stated in Mr. Marryat's book naturally requires to know the authority on which they rest. The obvious inference is, that he reports them on his own knowledge—not compiles them from encyclopedias and other equally well-known sources of information. Mr. Marryat *may* have obtained this intelligence from 'The Penny Cyclopædia'—and so might any of our readers at their pleasure; but he could hardly have acquired it at Ternate,—seeing that no one landed from the vessel!

At page 46 Mr. Marryat says that he "ate mangosteins, called *nectar* by the Greeks."—As nectar is a drink, we suppose the writer meant ambrosia. On the same page commences his account of the attack of the pirates off the Gilolo shore—already transferred to our columns from another source [see *Ath.* No. 1052];—in which action Mr. Marryat was *not present*. He so presents the argument as to throw all the blame of the attack upon his captain,—making it appear to have been the result of unwarrantable aggression on the part of that officer. This assertion, unsupported by any proof, is not to be received against Sir E. Belcher and the officers and men concerned. This affair has engaged the attention of the proper tribunals—all competent witnesses have been examined upon oath—and the authorized version entirely exonerates the parties from this charge. The courts have awarded pirate-money to the amount of 12,000/- to the gallant fellows who performed the hazardous service in which as Mr. Marryat was not present he had no share.

Besides arbitrarily assigning unworthy motives he misrepresents established facts. No village was burnt on the Gilolo shore—as is asserted at p. 54; and the Illañon pirates do not, as is asserted on the same page, reside at Tampassook. Mr. Marryat insinuates that no replies were made to the hails of the pirates;—for a contradiction to which the reader may be referred to 'The Narrative of the Samarang,' vol. 1. p. 139. There are other inaccuracies—to characterize them by a mild term—in Mr. Marryat's account. He says there were only nine piratical prahus present—and estimates the men at 720. The sworn evidence of witnesses who were present—which it will be remembered Mr. Frank J. Marryat was *not*—makes them not fewer than 1330,—350 of whom were killed! Capt. Belcher says the number of prahus actually engaged was *ten*; while the total, including those which escaped, was *twenty-three*. These facts were all proved in the Admiralty Court and admitted by the Queen's Advocate on behalf of the Crown.

A description of the Malays given at p. 99 charges them with being "a cruel, treacherous and disgusting race of men, with scarcely one redeeming quality." Against this piece of reckless testimony may be placed the rational and discriminating opinion of Mr. Low—already quoted by us [*ante*, p. 77]—founded on ample knowledge of, and long intercourse with, them. This traditional libel is consistently followed by a misrepresentation of the events which led to the cession of the island of Labuan. The whole of the affair is narrated briefly and with great appearance of truth in the official account

of the Samarang's voyage, p. 174. According to Mr. Frank J. Marryat the cession of Labuan was actually extorted at the cannon's mouth. The platform admitted one of the steamer's guns to look into the audience chamber; the muzzle was pointed direct at the Sultan; a man held the lighted tow in his hand. Every European on board had his musket loaded, and matters assumed a serious appearance." Now, we have it on good authority that this melo-dramatic account of the conference which ended in the treaty of peace and amity is greatly exaggerated. Precautions were undoubtedly taken to render secure the persons of Mr. Brooke and the other negotiators,—but no force was used or threatened. The vessel was posted half a mile from the Sultan; and persons on board could only gain a transverse view of the front of his palace (see 'Voyage of Samarang,' vol. 1. p. 176, *et seq.*). Mr. Brooke is hardly the man to lend himself to such proceedings as Mr. Frank J. Marryat supposes to have taken place. The treaty, as every reader knows, was prepared and written out at Sarawak—and required only to be signed at the audience chamber of Bruni.

Let us give one more instance of the little reliance that, in our opinion, can be placed on Mr. Marryat's facts. He says that the population of the capital of Borneo is at present between 30,000 and 40,000—the numbers given in the old descriptive accounts of that city! Mr. Low, from personal observation, estimates them at 12,000 at the utmost ('Sarawak,' p. 106). We are not half way through the book;—but of special instances these may suffice. One general ground for distrust may be given, to sum up and confirm the whole.—Though Mr. Frank J. Marryat was not in the Samarang at the beginning of the voyage—was away in the Iris and in the hospital for several months—and was, it is said, under arrest a considerable time besides—he furnishes from unknown and irresponsible sources a narrative of the *whole* voyage. How far, with the animus unhappily apparent, his adoption of the diaries and papers of his friends may be accepted as a guarantee of their competence and fidelity our readers will now be prepared to determine for themselves.

Weekly Report of the Sittings of the Academy of Sciences—[Comptes Rendus hebdomadaires, &c.] Vol. XXV. Paris, Bachelier.

In the good old times, when men had leisure to stop and pay turnpikes, and quarto was your only form for great things from deep science up to high art, those slowest of all literary coaches the philosophical societies used to roll their big volumes out, one after another, at periods which could be easily predicted. A contributor who wanted room for one (article) inside knew pretty well when he must take his place beforehand. But things are altered now. Packets are made up for a quick train in the morning; and anything which is accidentally left behind need not give much annoyance,—for it can go before evening.

Geology began this change. We say geology, rather than the Geological Society, for reasons. A science which was moving rapidly, in very small details, brought forward by many hands, required some organ of communication a little more locomotive than the ponderous volume of Transactions. A plan of issuing monthly abstracts of proceedings, subject to giving more than abstract as occasion required, was organized with great success. The Astronomical Society followed the example,—and then the Royal Society. In 1835 the French Academy of Sciences commenced a similar undertaking, under the title given above. And now, there

is not a scientific society of any pretension which has not what an Oxford or Cambridge man would call its *little go* as well as its *great go*. This is altogether a great change for the better; for many (little pamphlets) walk to and fro, and knowledge is increased. In the Astronomical Society, as we observe by the dates of communications, observations make their printed appearance even before they can have been communicated to the Society in monthly meeting assembled,—which is a very legitimate extension of the principle. Why should a comet—or in these days we may say a planet—remain unobserved, or depend on the correctness of newspaper type set up in all the hurry of a daily issue, until it has been presented in form to the President of the Society to which it belongs?

Of all scientific bodies the French Institute was the one which most wanted some speedy method of publishing its communications. Our London societies were to all appearance dilatory enough; though those who know the difficulty of editing a volume of Transactions depending on many different people will be aware that there was no blame due anywhere. But the French Academy was much slower in its proceedings. A paper presented to the Institute was engulfed for six—or even twelve—years; and in the mean time the members of the body had access to it while others had not. There was all the appearance of unfairness;—and the members of the Institute had all the power of being unfair if they chose. The speedy publication of good abstracts would render all unfairness impossible; since each man's work could be judged of, sufficiently at least for judgment as to whether it had been improperly used, long previous to the full and formal publication. On looking, however, over this volume of the *Comptes Rendus*, we cannot say that we are satisfied with the mode of abstracting. It seems to us that the communications of the members themselves are really abstracted—sometimes almost fully given—while those of the *étrangers* (which at the Institute means all who are not members, whether Frenchmen or not) are too often merely titled. The following is an instance of the consequences. In October, 1847, M. Cauchy presents to the Academy a sketch of a method for the solution of equations of several unknown quantities, describing in brief and masterly words an extension (we must call it, though there is more,) of the principle of Newton's well known method for equations of one quantity—which will, we are sure, be of high interest to mathematicians. Shortly afterwards arrives a letter from M. Sarrus, directing the attention of the Academy to the assertion that the writer had presented almost identically the same thing four years before. M. Cauchy replies (as we have no doubt was the fact) that he had never read the memoir of M. Sarrus; but that he would do so, and should be perfectly willing to give the latter his full rights. All this is well so far as it goes; but how much better it would have been if the abstracts had been so punctually and universally made that either M. Sarrus could have appealed to a page of the *Comptes Rendus* as to his having done what he alleged himself to have done, or that the Academy could have appealed to the want of such a page as proof enough for common purposes that he had not done it.

If it be said that there would not be room for so many abstracts, we think we can point out to the Academy a way of making some. Let them omit the report of those personal discussions which are of no interest beyond the walls of the Institute,—and the circulation of which does not raise its character. It is customary with them to publish debates, criminatory and

recriminatory, when they occur. We admire the French Institute—what it has done and what it is doing; and we have, in addition to all other motives for being very civil, that of the possibility which, according to the newspapers, exists that we may awake any morning—no one knows how soon—and find the French in possession of London. But in spite of all this, we will go so far as to say that we would rather have seen an abstract of M. Sarrus's paper than the dispute of which the following is an account.

MM. Laugier and Mauvais, having compared the elements of one of De Vico's comets with one recorded by Tycho Brahe, come to the conclusion that the two are the same; which they communicate to the Academy, with reasons. M. Leverrier reads to the Institute a critique on this conclusion; in which he gives warning against conclusions as to identity drawn from the simple inspection of a table of comets by those who merely take the trouble of opening the tables with an easily satisfied mind. This ill-considered phrase, read by M. Leverrier, was suppressed by him in the printing; but it got wind, nevertheless, and came to the ears of the parties attacked. These last were not disposed to take the suppression as a sufficient satisfaction; and this little matter was worth (as the French say) to the Institute a letter from M. Laugier and a reply of M. Leverrier—and a letter from M. Mauvais and a reply of M. Leverrier. It peeps out that the observers begin with a feeling on their minds that the illustrious follower of Newton means to disparage observation and observers. In the mean time, the *séance* is taken up with personalities, not gross but cutting: and both parties cry "Science!" "If you go on in this way," say MM. Mauvais and Laugier, "what's to become of Science?" "Really," answers M. Leverrier, "at the rate you propose we shall have no science at all!"—Science, no doubt, walks off in the mean time, saying, "Gentlemen, excuse me if I take the fresh air outside till you have found out the difference between taking my name in vain and taking up my cause in earnest." For our parts, we should recommend the members of the Institute to remember that their sittings are European; and if they cannot avoid such little explosions, to do as we do in England,—keep them out of the reports of their proceedings.

With regard to the first of the two matters on which we have been critical, we cannot but say that we admire the apparent facilities which are given to parties who desire to make what are called *récitations*. But we feel convinced that unless abstracts are given to all papers of any pretension, the time will come when no man except a member will like to communicate anything to the Institute.

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THE FIRST BRIGHT DAY.

Open hall and bower—The Sun is at the gate!
We have been in gloom by Winter bound too long:

O, he cometh proudly—O, he cometh late,
Royal as a Prince, with banner and with song.—

Fling the casement wide, and let the glory through;

Sorrow hath departed,—Joy is born anew!

I have learned too much to play a doleful string,—
Stood too near the grave, with Life's despair to
toy;—

Turn to me again thy laughing cheek, O Spring!
Let me hear thy waters warbling wild with joy;

Hide with flowers the chains thou never canst undo;

Life is in the meadows,—Heaven above is blue!

What are ye who mourn because our Earth is round,
And that Babes are born when Men are on the
bier?

Envy Beauty's locks with hawthorn-garlands bound,
And anoint your own, so scanty and so sore?

I'll not laugh nor weep with thankless churlish like you;

Earth is full of gladness,—Hope is born anew!

H. F. C.

THE CUMING COLLECTION OF SHELLS.

The study of the shells which are inhabited by the various forms of molluscous animals is not the least interesting and attractive branch of Natural History; and there are few objects in the animal kingdom which have been collected with greater diligence or preserved with more care. Such has been sometimes the solicitude to procure rare specimens, that hundreds of pounds have been spent on their purchase; and collectors have been known to destroy their duplicates for the sake of increasing the value of single examples. Although the spirit which has actuated the shell-collector has not always been a love of science, there can be little doubt that the zoologist of the present day is deeply indebted for his knowledge of the species of Mollusca to those who have collected them simply for the sake of their beautiful forms and colours. At first sight it might be supposed that a knowledge of the forms of the various species of shell-fish was of comparatively little importance; but when it is recollect that they are in the ocean,—that various species of them inhabit different depths of water,—that they were not less abundant in previous periods,—and that they form the most characteristic animal remains of the various strata of the earth—it will be seen that an acquaintance with their forms is capable of important practical applications as well as of throwing light on the difficult problems of the science of geology. It is in this point of view that a collection of shells is to be regarded not as a show for children, but as a means of instruction in a valuable branch of science.

It is not perhaps generally known that one of the most splendid collections of shells in the world is at this moment in the possession of a private individual in London. The gentleman who has made and possesses it, is Mr. Hugh Cuming: and it consists of upwards of 19,000 species or well-marked varieties, from all parts of the world. Of many of the species and varieties there are several specimens;—making in all about 60,000 shells. Not only is every specimen of this vast collection entire, but in every other respect—such as form, colour, texture, and other characters—the shells are most perfect. We have the authority of Prof. Owen for stating "that no public collection in Europe possesses one-half the number of species of shells that are now in the Cuming collection,"—and that probably "one-third the number would be the correct statement as regards the national museums in Paris and Vienna."

This vast museum has been entirely collected by the energy and perseverance of its possessor. By the possession of a large number of duplicates of

rare specimens, he has had the command, by exchange to a greater or less extent, of all the conchological cabinets at present in existence; and Prof. Owen, in a letter published in "The Annals of Natural History" on Mr. Cuming's museum, has justly observed—"he is better known, and his labours are more truly and generally appreciated in any city or town in Europe having a public natural history museum, and its zoological professor than in busy London." The labours of Mr. Cuming, however, have not been confined to exchanging specimens with European and American naturalists. It was necessary that he should himself possess a collection of specimens of the greatest rarity before he could place in his cabinets, by exchange, the rarities of other collectors. This he has done by devoting a life of excessive activity to travelling in almost every part of the known world. "Not restricting," says Prof. Owen, "his pursuit to the stores and shops of the curiosity-mongers of our sea-ports, or depending on casual opportunities of obtaining rarities by purchase, he has devoted more than thirty of the best years of his life in arduous and hazardous personal exertions,—dredging, diving, wading, wandering under the equator, and through the temperate zones, both north and south, in the Atlantic, in the Pacific, in the Indian Ocean and the islands of its rich archipelago—in the labour of collecting from their native seas, shores, lakes, rivers, and forests, the marine, fluviatile, and terrestrial mollusks;—60,000 of whose shelly skeletons, external and internal, are accumulated in orderly series in the cabinets with which the floors of his house now groan."

The result of these exertions has been not merely the accumulation of this large number of shells, but Mr. Cuming has been able to record of each both the country where it was found and the exact circumstances in which it has lived and been developed. He has noted the rocks, trees, or herbs from which he has taken the land shells of his collection,—and of his aquatic mollusca, the kind of water whether marine or fresh, the nature of the sea-bottom, the rocks which they bore, and the animal or vegetable on which they fed. These particulars, with many others, give a rare value to Mr. Cuming's museum, and one not possessed to the same extent by any other. Such information is of the utmost importance to the geologist and palaeontologist; enabling them, through the structural affinities of the fossil with these recent shells, to indicate those particulars of function and habit that alone can lead to a knowledge of the circumstances under which particular rocks have been formed. The amount of credit which is to be attached to my theory in geology founded on fossil shells must be just in proportion to the facility which we possess of comparing them with recent ones.

Nor is this collection less interesting to the physiologist: most of the specimens being not mere duplicates of a particular stage of growth or age of a species—but parts of a series representing the condition of the shell at various stages of its development. Varieties also have been carefully collected—and the circumstances noted under which their difference from the typical forms of the species has been acquired. In the study of the laws of morphology, as well as in the classification of the animal kingdom, such illustrative specimens are of the highest value and interest; and they may be made to tell upon some of the most difficult problems of Natural History.

In another point of view the specimens in the museum possess great value. Almost ever since the return of Mr. Cuming from his first voyage with his conchological treasures, they have been the source from whence naturalists have derived their specimens for the purposes of description,—and many thousands of species thus described are to be found here only. On any future occasion should these descriptions be doubted or their accuracy rendered suspicious, the only means of correction will be found in the specimens themselves. Just what the museum of Linnaeus—now in the possession of the Linnean Society of London—is to the descriptions of Linnaeus, will be the Cuming museum to the descriptions of Broderip, Sowerby, Gray and other eminent conchologists.

We have drawn attention to this extraordinary collection for the purpose of announcing that Mr.

In the series of Shrines, the monuments to question.—Speaking of the 25th entered the monumens is patriot. Nugent u den with the effect shot of the rams, shat body." The manner a was found to strong portraiture a corner added—Lord Nugent took no note. Now, Magazine "Dinner-table either by excited mits its facts v spoudent in

Cuming has come to the determination of parting with it. Such a cabinet ought not, in fact, to be in the hands of a private individual. The getting it together would have been worthy the ambition of a nation—and it ought to be made national property. It has been offered by Mr. Cuming to the British Museum at what we understand is an exceedingly low sum—very small compared with what it would fetch were it broken up for sale. We trust that such will not be its fate. Should it be allowed to be sold in parts, it would be an irreparable loss to science:—should it be sold to any other nation than our own it would be a national disgrace. The Trustees of the British Museum have already recommended the Government to purchase for the sum of £6,000.; and a memorial to the same effect, signed by the principal men of science in London has also been presented to Her Majesty's Ministers.

We hope that no mistaken economy will prevent the Government from embracing the offer. If they decline they will repent when too late. The fact of the Swedish government having refused the offer of the executors of Linnaeus to purchase his museum will be fresh in the minds of most naturalists. They repented when too late; and though they sent a ship in pursuit of the lost treasure, it reached the shores of England—having been purchased by a private English gentleman. It is now looked upon as one of the scientific glories of our metropolis. Let us hope that the English naturalist may not have to cross the channel—or perhaps the sea—to verify the descriptions of his countrymen, as has been the case with the too economical Swedes.

With regard to the amount for which this collection has been offered to the public, Prof. Owen remarks:—"That ten times that sum would not bring together such a series as Mr. Cuming has offered to the British Museum I do firmly believe; from a knowledge of the peculiar tact in discovering and collecting, the hardy endurance of the attendant fatigue under deadly climates and influences, and the undaunted courage in encountering the adverse elements and braving the opposition of the savage inhabitants of seldom-visited isles, which have conducted and concurred to crown the labours of Mr. Cuming with a success of which his unrivalled collection is a fitting monument—and of which science, and let us hope its cultivators in his native country more particularly, will long continue to reap the benefits."—We join heartily with the Professor; and trust that the next time we shall have occasion to allude to the subject it will be to announce that this splendid collection has become the property of the nation.

DISINTERMENT OF JOHN HAMPDEN.

In the *Art-Union* for January appears the first of a series of articles entitled 'Pilgrimages to English Shrines,' by Mrs. S. C. Hall, with Notes and Illustrations by F. W. Fairholt;—the subject of the one in question being 'The Burial-place of John Hampden.' Speaking of the interment, Mrs. Hall says, "On the 25th of January 1643 the body, without the soul, entered the church." * * * "In one of the reception rooms is an interesting portrait believed to be of the Patriot. It hung unnoticed on the stairs until Lord Nugent unnoted the remains of Hampden with a view to ascertain whether he had died by the effect of the bursting of his own pistol, or from the shot of the carbine which, according to other historians, shattered the shoulder of the hero on Chalgrove field." Then follows a sentence stating that "the body, of which the grave was despoiled in a ruder manner and for a longer period than was necessary, was found perfect, &c. The features discovered bore a strong resemblance to this hitherto neglected portrait that it was taken down and cleaned, and in a corner the name was discovered." And a note is added—rather too long for your insertion—rating Lord Nugent for that in his 'Life of Hampden' he took no notice of this circumstance.

Now, what are the facts?—In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1828, appeared a paper headed 'Disinterment of Hampden,'—stated to be compiled either by or under the direction of Lord Nugent. It excited much suspicion and more disgust. It was revoltingly particular—the physiology nauseous; and its facts were severely commented on by a correspondent in the following number. In 1832 Lord

Nugent's 'Life of John Hampden' appeared; without any notice or certificate as to the truth of this alleged exhumation. It was reviewed by Mr. Southey in the *Quarterly Review* for July in the same year, in the spirit of a high Tory rather inclined to the Tudors. In this paper the writer refers to the question of the Disinterment; and asks if the narrative were fictitious which stated that Lord Nugent had exhumed the body to ascertain the cause of the patriot's death. To this Lord Nugent replied in a 'Letter touching an article in the last *Quarterly Review*,' addressed to the late John Murray:—from which I extract the following:—"Nothing will serve Mr. Southey but he must quote me against myself; and say that 'I have made personal observation of the state of John Hampden's wrist, and saw that it was shattered.' Not I indeed. Mr. Southey quotes a very silly distasteful narrative of a supposed very ghastly transaction, which he says he derives from the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and supposed to have been written by myself or under my authority.—Not it indeed." His Lordship adds a suspicion that the credulous Mr. Sylvanus Urban had been made a victim of that "unfair guerilla mode of attack popularly called a hoax. I certainly did see in 1828, while the pavement of the chancel of Hampden Church was under repair, a skeleton—which I have many reasons for believing was not John Hampden's, but that of some gentleman or lady who probably died a quiet death in bed—certainly with no wound in the wrist." Mr. Southey, however, was of opinion, "that search was made for the body of Hampden,—that several coffins were inspected but not opened, except one; but this was not John Hampden's." There was no operation, no amputation of any kind;—and certainly no features corresponding with the portrait on the staircase! Now, after Lord Nugent's statement, is it just that this story, founded on a village tradition, should be again resuscitated as an historic fact, and his Lordship denied the benefit of his disclaimer?

I am, &c. S. H.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE *Gazette* of last night contains a Treasury Warrant authorizing the transmission by post, on and after the 21st inst. within the United Kingdom only, of printed books, magazines, reviews, and sewed pamphlets (whether British, colonial, or foreign)—subject to the following rates and regulations.—On every packet consisting of a single printed book, &c., if not exceeding one pound in weight, the charge will be 6d.; exceeding one pound and not exceeding two, 1s.; and for every additional pound an additional sixpence,—every fraction of such additional pound to be charged as a pound. Packets containing more than a single printed book, &c.—or in length, or breadth, or width, or depth exceeding the dimensions of two feet—are not to be transmissible under this warrant. The postage is to be prepaid,—not in money but by stamps; and the packets to be sent without covers, or in covers open at the ends or sides,—and to contain printed matter only. No writing or marks to be permitted on the cover other than the name and address of the person to whom the packet is sent. Packets posted without postage stamp to be chargeable with a postage of double the proper amount,—and if posted with stamps of less value than the proper rate of postage, to be charged with double the amount of the difference.

The British Museum Commission resumed its sittings for the Session on Tuesday last. The evidence is as yet extremely imperfect—and the Report has not even been commenced. Certain papers and suggestions transmitted through the Secretary have, it is said, been printed for the use of the Commission—and will form an appendix to the Blue Book whenever it shall appear. The Archbishop of Canterbury, whose death has just been announced, was long one of the most active Trustees of the Museum. Many of the appointments were made on his recommendation.

Mr. Edward Doubleday has been elected one of the Secretaries of the Entomological Society, in the room of Mr. Westwood.

The players having played their best for Shakespeare,—the dancers are going to dance in his honour; the character (or fancy) ball at Willis's Rooms being fixed for the 22nd of May. There is something

pleasant in the idea of a masque held to celebrate the Elizabethan wit, poet, player, deer-stealer and manager in the stronghold of English exclusivism; the fortress entrenched round about with *chevaux de frise* by Brummel and his fraternity, and where more than one *Britomart* of Fashion queen'd it gloriously in her time! But as Mrs. Margaret Dods was wont to say,—"what for no." The remark which we made a few weeks ago with regard to *Hamlet* on the Boulevard applies to this and to all other Shakespeare tributes and celebrations, far and near. None can be superfluous—none wanting in grace and significance: and all taking part do themselves as well as their object honour. When the dancers have danced, why should not the singers sing for Shakespeare? There is not a school of music which he has not enriched by his verse or by the inspirations derived from his dramas. We have our own glee, dramatic choruses, and delicious songs by Arne and Bishop—in which all English singers would bear a part. In Germany we have overtures by Spohr and Mendelssohn, and delicious settings by Schubert (the range of these embracing the whole country betwixt Elbe and Danube). From Italy how many settings have we of 'Romeo and Juliet'! the other day a 'Macbeth'—not to speak of the exquisite 'Willow Song' from Rossini's 'Ottello.' Then, M. Berlioz (who might represent France on the occasion) has also ingeniously and thoughtfully, after his manner, illustrated the tragedy of Verona. In short, we cannot fancy a more interesting concert or series of concerts than might be given for this purpose provided the artists co-operated cordially.

The Institution of Mechanical Engineers established at Birmingham appears to have taken root—and bids fair to be ranked amongst the influential scientific bodies of the kingdom. The first annual general meeting was held in that town on the 26th ult.—when the general report showed a very prosperous condition of progress and the financial one a balance in hand after payment of all claims.

The Annual Report of the Manchester Athenæum exhibits that institution in a much less flourishing condition than it is our desire—but while it continues to be conducted in the spirit which we have so frequently had to lament, scarcely our hope—to see it in. In spite of its yearly performance at the Free Trade Hall and of the services of the amateurs who have appeared for its benefit—if not to some extent in consequence thereof—it usefulness appears to be diminishing and its sphere of influence contracting. We have frequently warned its friends and well-wishers of the danger of fostering the delusion that such institutions can flourish on annual demonstrations:—and the whole history of the Manchester Athenæum attests the correctness of our prediction. The true principles of life and prosperity for such institutions must be developed from within. It is in vain to look for other elements of permanence and security. Success in all such establishments is compatible only with calm, careful routine: whatever is foreign tends only to interfere with and embarrass the discharge of their daily functions—and will have a fatal effect in the end. Such things distract the sense of self-reliance and divert the attention from the proper objects of such institutions. The capacity to make violent efforts is no proof of real vitality—and the flourishes of these yearly meetings have never for a moment deceived us into thinking the Athenæum in other than a precarious position. We are not sorry to see that our view of the uselessness of fostering the spirit of spasmodic action is at length embraced by a large body of the members of the institution and by the more intelligent portion of the local press. As the Manchester Athenæum has set the fashion of these showy demonstrations, and many institutions of the same kind have not been indisposed to follow its example, it may not be entirely useless for us to renew the warning—which in the case alluded to has already proved prophetic—that any reliance placed upon these educational theatricals for permanent success can end only in defeat and disappointment.

A fortune seems for once to have fallen into right hands. The French journals, which announce many strange things in the world of letters—such, for instance, as the cession by M. Alexandre Dumas of his interest in the *Théâtre Historique* in the very moment of its success,—also record a transfer of property, graceful and more explicable. Madame Aimée Martin—formerly Madame Bernardin de St.

FEB. 12

Pierre—has left her fortune to M. de Lamartine, in token of esteem and admiration.

The administration of the Museum of Natural History in Paris has confided to M. Jules Marcou a scientific mission to North America, with the view of exploring in a geological and mineralogical sense the provinces of the United States, the Rocky Mountains, Oregon and California. M. Marcou will be absent, it is intended, three years.

The Academy of Sciences has replaced M. Alexandre Brongniart in its section of Mineralogy and Geology by the election of M. Constant Prévost.

We have been amused at the philosophy assigned to the name of the Eternal City by a correspondent of

to the name of the Eternal City by a correspondent of the *Daily News*. "No one," he says, "is in a hurry here, and we take no account of time. The very genius of the place is a spirit of enduring permanency; and hence the difficulty of removing old abuses and reconciling the invertebrate habit to the salutary change. As an instance of how much the god Terminus rules in Rome, and how little liable an established thing is to alteration, I can mention that not only the house and the baker's shop, but even the identical marble counter and the scales, are to be seen in full operation this week, just in the same state as they were when, over 300 years ago, "Raphael's *Fornarina* sold penny rolls across that counter,—and a succession of bakers and baker maidens has never ceased to officiate therein. The almost invisible inscription over the plinth of the door was carved by Raphael's own hand, "TRAHIT SVA QVEMOVE VOLVPTAS. The family of Prince Massimo (our famous postmaster) have lived on the same spot where the Palazzo Massimo stands, in the *Via dei Massimi*, for the last 900 years! When I was a student at the University here a quarter of a century ago (I am ashamed to own as much), I used to frequent with the other collegians a large establishment for dining in *Via Condotti*. There were ten waiters attending the various rooms twenty-five years ago,—and one looking into the corner, the other don-

and on looking into the concern the other day I recognized *eight* of the ten still extant! The two others waited there no longer, because—they were dead."

The political convulsion which promises restoration in Sicily has been matched with a physical one whose character is ruin. Intelligence comes from Syracuse, by way of Malta, that the city of Augusta has perished by an earthquake. Startled by the first shock, the inhabitants fled from their homes—but were too slow for the destroyer. A few minutes and of all the city twenty-seven houses only remained erect. Where formerly stood the mole there is no bottom now at 50 fathoms. The earthquake had been felt at Malta; and has done mischief also at Noto, Syracuse and Catania. The share of Messina in the horror of the day was confined to the panic which it occasioned.

The *Washington Union*, of Jan. 5, contains a long report from a board of professional engineers and others, appointed by the Secretary of the American Treasury to test an important improvement in the capture of naval steam-engines, the invention of Capt. Ericsson—which is to create, it is said, “a new era in steam navigation.” We give the particulars as they have been abstracted by a contemporary. There appears to be an apparatus called an evaporator, and another a condenser, conveniently arranged amidst the machinery so as to occupy very little space. By this the steam, after performing its work, is converted into water, and forced back into the boiler—again and again taking the same routine. As some of the steam will always be lost by loose joints, the evaporator supplies the deficiency from the element in which the vessel floats; and from this increased supply of steam the condenser affords any desired amount of fresh water. The whole is said to be complete and perfect, and the following results obtained:—1. A steamer may go to sea and complete her voyage without ever having one particle of salt water in her boiler, if she will begin it with fresh water. 2. She

need not carry any tanks of fresh water, but can make it from the sea at will; thus saving the space for fuel. 3. Besides the supply for the boiler and culinary purposes, enough fresh water can be made to allow each sailor a bath every day—the supply may be so ample. 4. The fire need never be extinguished to relieve the boiler of salt or mud, as neither salt nor mud will ever get in; thus saving fuel. 5. The boiler will require little or no watching; being once arranged, the machinery will do the rest, and keep up the exact supply of pure water. 6. A boiler at sea, especially in the Gulf of Mexico, will last two or three times as long as at present, as no impurities will be admitted there any more than on the lakes. 7. Nearly one-fifth of the fuel will be saved, as the heat will act on the plates and flues, free of incrustations from salt or mud, and the water from the condenser, while very hot, will be pumped into the boiler. 8. A low-pressure engine will answer on the Mississippi and Missouri, as well as on streams of clear water, as the muddy water will be evaporated, the vapour re-condensed, and forced into the boilers as clear as crystal. 9. The awful bursting of boilers so often occurring on the western waters, may be arrested *in toto*; as the saving of fuel, and the equal adaptation of the low-pressure engine will induce its substitution in lieu of the powder magazines, as the engines now in use may be called. 10. The oil used around the piston of the cylinder, and the rust on the boiler, may impart a little of their taste at first to the steam and water; but a very simple filter will make it as pure as when distilled in the chemist's laboratory.

"There is one private library," says an American paper, "in this country exclusively American, which we would give a splendid Illinois farm to possess. It consists of upwards of seventy large quarto volumes—and all by the same author. That author came into public life before he was of lawful age—and has been in public life with few intermissions ever since. He has travelled in many countries and speaks many languages. He has held high stations abroad and the highest at home. He has formed acquaintance with the most illustrious scholars and statesmen of Europe for the last half century—and with all the affairs and men in his own country is most familiar. From the moment of his first entrance into public life until the present time he has kept a written record of the events of each day of his 'life and times,'—now extending, as we have said, to more than seventy huge quarto volumes." The keeper of these curious records is no other than John Quincy Adams. "What a rich inheritance," says the American journalist, "will that book be for the future historian, politician, antiquary! What a mass of manuscript for a single hand—and what variety of matter! Political and philosophical diplomacy—historical and biographical—literature and diplomacy—travelling diaries and cabinet colloquies—lectures upon rhetoric and treatises upon weights and measures, ballads, lyrics and antimasonry! How many poor fellows dead and living would find themselves metaphorically flayed could they but run over some of the pages of the seventy volumes!"

We find in the columns of our advertising contemporaries that we are still made to testify to Mrs. Crowe's doctrine of spirits—dragged in, whether we will or no, as authority for the philosophy of her book. The assumption on the part of a publisher to write our reviews for us is an interference with our property which might have deserved stronger terms of reprobation than any we have yet used; and his persistence in the offence after its exposure is an instance of effrontery for which even the offence itself had not prepared us. Mr. Newby has thus deprived himself of that qualification of the immorality which we were indulgent enough to suggest last week—viz., the possibility that he had not seen the matter in its serious light.—It is a pleasure, on the other hand, to state that we receive letters from publishers of a different class, annoyed for the discredit brought on their profession by practices like this, thanking us for their exposure and urging us to continue our efforts for the purification of the trade.

"The publisher and the public," writes one, "have reason to be no little grateful to you for exposing the abuses that have been gradually insinuated into the making and selling of books. Your readers have learnt, to their surprise, that a system of equivocation and want of integrity has been detected throughout the entire componentry

of a hook. We trust, however, that through your watchful interposition such instances will not escape condemnation. Unless freely exposed all confidence in book advertisements will be at an end; and the public will hesitate about the possession of a book with as much suspicion of its genuineness as in the application of a quack medicament."

On the same subject we most willingly give insertion to the following letter from Mrs. Crowe—which has reached us at the last moment.—

Feb. 10.

All literary people will be aware that your strictures in last Saturday's *Athenaeum* on the subject of misquoted reviews refer to publishers and not to authors,—who are not the advertisers of their own books; but you are probably not aware how little people who have no connexion with literature understand these matters,—or that by the form of your strictures you have rendered me liable to the imputation intended for the publishers;—insomuch that I have received notice from some non-literary friends that you are “attacking me for misrepresentation, &c.” Your animadversions on the practice are just enough; but as you have first taken up the subject in connexion with my name, I shall be obliged by your making it clear to the smallest capacity that it is publishers and not authors who are the delinquents on these occasions.—I am, &c.

CATHERINE CROWE

We think it must be pretty generally understood that the advertising of books is, except in cases of rare exception, the publisher's affair; and if we had fancied otherwise we would have made a point of separating Mrs. Crowe's name from our strictures. It must be most annoying to her that a trick of the kind should be played in reference to her book; and she is almost as much wronged by Mr. Newby in the matter as ourselves.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.
Exhibition and Sale of the Works of

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five.—Admission 1s.; Catalogue, 1s. WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

BABY NOTICE

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—NOTICE.—The celebrated picture of the INTERIOR of ST. MARK'S, at VENICE, is exhibiting alone for a short time. It is seen under two aspects, Day and Night, and during the latter effect the Grand Machine Organ will perform the 'Kyrie,' from Mozart's Mass No. 12.—Open from Ten till Half-past Four.

SOCIETIES

ROYAL INSTITUTION. — Feb. 4. — The Duke of Northumberland, President, in the chair.—‘On the

Northumberland, President, in the chair.—On Fossil Footmarks of a Reptile in the Coal Formation of the Alleghany Mountains," by C. Lyell, F.R.S.—Mr. Lyell began by observing that, notwithstanding the numerous remains of land plants in the carboniferous strata, and the evidence they afford of the existence of large tracts of dry land (the exact position of which is often indicated by seams of coal and buried forests), no monuments of any air-breathing creatures had been detected in rocks of such high antiquity until Dr. King, in 1844, published his account of the foot-prints of a reptile occurring in sandstone in Pennsylvania (see *Silliman's Journal*, vol. 48, page 343). These fossil tracks were found in a stone quarry five miles S.E. of Greensburg and about twenty miles E. of Pittsburgh, appearing on the under-surfaces of slabs of argillaceous sandstone extracted for paving. They project in relief, being casts of impressions formed in a subjacent layer of fine unctuous clay, and they are accompanied by numerous casts of cracks of various sizes, evidently produced by the drying and shrinking of the clayey mud. These cracks occasionally traverse the foot-prints, showing that the shrinkage took place after the animal had walked over the soft mud, and before it had begun to dry and crack. Mr. Lyell exhibited a slab which he had brought from the quarries, having visited them with Dr. King; and then proceeded to point out the differences between these foot-prints and those of the European Cheirotherium found in Saxony and in Warwickshire and Cheshire, always in the upper part of the New Red Sandstone or Trias. In the European hand-shaped foot-marks, the form of which the animal was called by Kaup, Cheirotherium, both the hind and fore feet have each five toes, and the size of the hind foot is about five times as large as the fore foot. In the American fossil the posterior foot-print is not twice as large as the anterior, and the number of toes is unequal, being five in the hinder and four in the anterior foot; as in the European Cheirotherium the fifth toe stands out nearly at a right angle with the foot and somewhat resembles the human thumb. On the external side of all the Pennsylvanian tracks, both the larger and smaller, there is a protuberance like the rudiment of another toe. The average length of the hind foot is $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches and of the fore

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foot 44. The fore and hind feet being in pairs follow each other very closely, there being an interval of about one inch only between them. Between each pair the distance is 6 to 8 inches, and between the two parallel lines of tracks there is about the same distance. In the case of the English and German Cheirotherium the hind and fore feet occur also in pairs, but they form only one row, in consequence of the animal having put its feet to the ground nearly under the middle of its body, and the thumb-like toes are seen to turn to the right and to the left in the alternate pairs; while in the American tracks, which form two parallel rows, all the thumb-like toes in one set turn to the right and in the other set to the left. Mr. Lyell infers, therefore, that the American Cheirotherium belongs to a new genus of reptilian quadrupeds wholly distinct from that which characterizes the triassic strata of Europe; and such a generic diversity, he observes, might have been expected in reptilian fossils of such different ages. The geological position of the sandstone of Greensburg is perfectly clear, being situated in the midst of the Appalachian confid- field, having the main bed of coal, called the Pittsburg seam, a hundred feet above it worked in the neighbourhood, and several other seams of coal at lower levels. The impressions of Lepidodendron, Sigillaria, Stigmaria, and other carboniferous plants, are found both above and below the level of the reptilian footstep. Mr. Lyell then adverted to some spurious fossil foot-prints of dogs, hooved quadrupeds, birds, and other creatures seen on the surface of ledges of a soft quartzose sandstone in the neighbourhood of Greensburg, which had been confounded with the fossil ones. He pointed out the proofs that these had been carved by the ancient inhabitants of America, whose graves are seen in the vicinity; and that the Indian hunters had sculptured similar bird-tracks, together with human foot-prints, in solid limestone of the State of Missouri,—the true origin of which was first explained by Mr. D. D. Owen of Indiana.* To illustrate the mode of interpreting fossil foot-prints in geology, Mr. Lyell gave a sketch of the discovery of three distinct species of Cheirotherium in Europe,—and explained how after it had been conjectured by Link that they might belong to gigantic Batrachians, Mr. Owen found, by examining the teeth and bones of reptiles of triassic age, that three different species of air-breathing reptiles of the Batrachian order, referable to a new genus, Labyrinthodon, had existed, both in Germany and England, at that period; their fossil bones indicating that they were air-breathers, and there being a great disparity in size between the bones of their anterior and posterior extremities as between the fore and hind foot-prints of the several Cheirotherium. To account for the sharpness of the casts of Cheirotherium on the under surfaces of slabs of sandstone, Mr. Lyell adverted to the manner in which he had seen, on the sea-beach, near Savannah in Georgia, a cloud of fine sand drifted by the wind filling up the foot-prints of raccoons and opossums, which a few hours before, had passed along the shore after the retreat of the tide. Allusion was also made to the recent foot-prints of birds called sandpipers (*Tringa minuta*), which Mr. Lyell saw naming, in 1842, over the red mud thrown down every tide along the borders of estuaries connected with the Bay of Fundy, in Nova Scotia. These consist both of impressions on the upper surfaces and of casts in relief on the under sides of successive layers of red mud (see Lyell's "Travels in North America," vol. ii. p. 166),—of which he has presented a specimen to the British Museum. The ancient foot-prints of more than thirty species of birds found in the New Red Sandstone or Trias of the valley of the Connecticut river, in Massachusetts, were next stated to be analogous to these modern bird-tracks; and the size of the largest, although they indicate a biped more huge than the ostrich, is exceeded in magnitude by the gigantic *Deinornis* of New Zealand,—of which nearly the entire skeleton has just been found fossil by Mr. Walter Mantell. The absence hitherto of the bones of birds in the ancient American strata of the triassic period appears to Mr.

Lyell quite intelligible; for the circumstances which combine to cause foot-prints of sand-pipers in the recent mud of the Bay of Fundy, repeated throughout many superimposed layers, have no tendency to preserve any bones of the same birds,—and none have yet been ever observed in cutting trenches through the red mud, where it has been laid dry by artificial embankments and drained. In all the cases of foot-prints, both fossil and recent, and whether made by quadrupeds or bipeds, the lecturer insisted on the necessity of assuming that the creatures were air-breathers, for their weight would not have been sufficient under water to have made impressions so deep and distinct. The same conclusion is borne out by the evidence derived from the casts of cracks produced in the same strata, by shrinkage, and so generally accompanying the impressions of feet; and it was remarked that similar effects of desiccation are observable in the recent red mud of Nova Scotia, where thousands of acres are dried by the sun in summer, between the spring and neap tides. The ripple mark also so common in strata of every age, and among others in the coal measures, and New Red Sandstone of Germany, England, and America, exemplifies the accurate preservation of superficial markings of strata, often less prominent than those caused by the tread of reptiles or large birds. As the discovery of three species of Cheirotherium was soon followed by the recognition of as many species of Labyrinthodon, so the announcement by Dr. King, in 1844, of reptilian foot-prints in the coal strata of Pennsylvania has been followed by the news lately received from Germany, that in the ancient coal measures of Saarbrück, near Treves, the antiquity of which is vouched for by Von Dechen, Prof. Goldfuss has found the skeleton of a true saurian. Dr. Falconer, after a cursory examination of the original specimen, has stated his opinion in favour of its reptilian character, and although the evidence has not yet been rigorously tested by the most eminent comparative osteologists of Europe, Mr. Lyell believes that the opinion of Prof. Goldfuss and Dr. Falconer will be confirmed. Such facts should serve to put us on our guard against premature generalizations founded on mere negative evidence, and caution us not to assume the present limits of our knowledge of the time of the first appearance of any class of beings in a fossil state to be identical with the date of the first creation of such beings.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—Feb. 4.—The Dean of Westminster in the chair.—Mr. Tucker read a paper on the Roman remains lately discovered in Lower Thames Street, consisting of the hypocaust of a sudatorium in very good preservation, and a portion of an atrium paved with small red tesserae. Mr. Tucker considered that these remains were those of a small bath (laconicum) attached to a dwelling-house. A cylindrical shaft, of apparently medieval construction, resting on the tessellated pavement, had been supposed to form part of the building, but without reason. The Roman edifice had been built on piles, many of which were uncovered during the excavations; and it seemed highly probable, from this circumstance and from the character of the soil, that it stood immediately on the banks of the Thames, the waters of which had in the course of ages receded. The spot presented interesting evidence of successive occupation since Roman times, and of the great height to which the débris of many centuries had raised the level of the city. Mr. Tucker's paper was illustrated by a plan of the remains contributed by Mr. Bunning, the Clerk of the Works;—to whom it is mainly owing that these ruins have been saved from the destruction which has usually followed similar discoveries in London.

Mr. W. Brooks exhibited a plan and gave some account of the excavations now in progress at Verulamium; towards the expense of which the Institute has made a donation of £5.

A letter was read from Mr. Ferry the architect respecting the screen at Christchurch, Hants; from which it appeared that, notwithstanding Lord Malmesbury's refusal to entertain the representations of the Institute against the destruction of that curious relic, the committee for the repairs of the church were fully disposed to let it remain, and an estimate had been ordered of the expense of repairing it.

Mr. J. J. Cole made a communication on the in-

tention and use of hagioscopes or low-side windows in the medieval churches; his opinion being that prior to the introduction of sanctus-bell cots, and commonly when these were not erected, then at the low side window—the only real opening in the church except the doors—the sacristan stood, and on the elevation of the Host rang the sanctus bell, as directed in the ancient constitutions.

Among the objects exhibited were several antique chasms formed of bone—found at Woodperry, Oxon—considered to be of the period of the thirteenth century, and brought by the Rev. J. Wilson.—Mr. L. Sotheby sent for inspection the gorget, or standard of mail, said to have been worn by Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, who died early in the fifteenth century; a rare Etruscan vase; various Roman bronze vessels; and the drum of Colonel Colepepper's regiment—so distinguished by the defence of Colchester during the Civil Wars.—Sir W. C. Trevelyan contributed a large collection of drawings of druidical remains, fonts, crosses, &c., from Brittany.

The Secretary having announced that Members would in future have the privilege of introducing a friend to the monthly meetings—the chairman adjourned the meeting to March 3.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Geographical Society, half-past 8.
TUES.	Linnean Society, 8. P.M.
—	Microscopical Society, 8.
WED.	Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.
—	Microscopical Society, 7.—Anniversary.
THUR.	Society of Arts, 8.
—	Society of Antiquaries, 8.
FRI.	Royal Society, half-past 8.
—	Archaeological Society, 1.—Anniversary.
SAT.	Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Mr. Melville "On the Zoophytes of our Coast, their Structure and Functions."

FINE ARTS

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE opinions which we recorded last year [No. 1047] when noticing the copies made by the students from the old masters, respecting the management of this institution, the present occasion but confirms. The Institution has not fulfilled its vocation. The management originally proposed to do one thing and has done a different. That it mistakes the means for the end is again proved by this collection of 460 pictures. If the character of our native Art were favourably represented by a collection like this, then might we blush indeed for our national competency, and agree with the German critic who considered temperature essential to success. The experience of former years has proved to artists that loftiness of aim and a fair measure of success in its realization, constitute no claim on the government of this Institution. The influence of the treatment to which those who have ventured on the more important walks have been exposed here has virtually banished them from these walls. The preference given to the lower and more mechanical branches is well answered by the mediocrity of the present exhibition. Imitation is here the reigning principle—imitation sheer and direct, of all kinds, from the adoption of an attitude to the manipulation of a square inch of paint. Landseer has his copyists in more than one pretending work—the successes of Lee and of Creswick have provoked multitudinous landscapes after their fashion—Frith, Goodall, Turner himself, Stanfield, and others, are here in their shadows. The walls are taken possession of by a train of artists who never tried to look into nature but through such media. Let us pass on, however, to the examples, bad and good, that await our comment.

The first artist demanding our notice is one long estranged from these walls—Sir George Hayter. He is the author of one of the few historic subjects in the collection—*Joseph interpreting the Dreams of the Butler and the Baker* (No. 242). The theme is one that has employed the highest talents;—and in seeking to avoid at once plagiarism and commonplace, Sir George has not fallen into the eccentric. He has had steady view of his story; and told it with a dramatic force and precision that make each emotion discernible at a glance. Joseph, with modest yet possessed air, interprets the fates of the two prisoners. The astonished and troubled look and gesture of him on whom it is announced that death is about to be done contrasts with the glistening and grateful eye of him who returns thanks for the pro-

* For some account of Mr. Lyell's observations on the Pennsylvania Cheirotherium see *Quarterly Geological Journal*, vol. 2, p. 417, and *Silliman's American Journal*, vol. 48, p. 343.

spect of his own speedy deliverance. While there is an air of classic severity such as a careful reading of antique *rilevi* would inspire, there is an absence of that frigidity seen in French versions of similar themes. The use of such authority as Egyptian antiquity or the more lately revealed Assyrian sculptures supply is employed with good pictorial result. In parts diffuse, the effect of the whole is solemn and impressive. More architectural solidity would at once have given more breadth and better coincided with received notions. In colour the picture is least agreeable—confessing at the same time to a depth of hue incomparable with more western climes and to an arid and suffused look where sun and sand reduce to monotone the sensibilities of tint. Amid such a mass of literalism and common place as surrounds it, this picture does honour to the painter. We pass over the same artist's well-known picture *The moving the Address to the Crown on opening the first reformed Parliament, in the old House of Commons, on the 5th of February 1833* (416). — *La Filatrice di Serreza, Toscana* (191), by the same hand, is an agreeable transcript of Italian country life.

Mr. Danby exhibits two little pictures here this season. One of these, *A Landscape, Twilight, with the rising Moon*—*Death and the Old Man* (12) shows the artist's power of selection, taste and observation; but shows him at the same time seeking for effects which, however true, are singular and somewhat beyond the average livery of nature as to find but few appreciators.—Successful as the sky may be considered, too, in *A Calm after a heavy Gale at Bury Head* (1), there are in the forms and hue of the water peculiarities provoking suspicion as to their truth. That the artist has seen such we do not mean to doubt; but the policy of copying them is at least questionable.

Mr. Uwins exhibits but one picture—entitled *Suspicion* (20). It is one of those Italian *costumi* subjects for which his long sojourn in the South has so peculiarly fitted him. The lady on the terrace, listening to the softening strains of the itinerant minstrel, is designed with much sweetness. The power of his art has affected her to so entire an absorption that she sees not the suspicion entertained by her dueña, the *monaca di casa*, that the performer may be a lover in disguise. The story was a good one for the canvas—and worthy of a more extended scale. Mr. Uwins has given the gay look of the climate; and the look-out on the Campagna, with the sparkling fountain, awakens pleasant memories to those who have lingered amid such scenes.

The two architectural subjects in the North Room by E. A. Goodall, *Interior of the Abbey of St. George de Bockerville, Normandy* (35), and *Pilgrims waiting to be received into the Domus Hospitium, at Canterbury; date, 15th Century* (154), though they have much that is careful in their drawing and modelling, are yet wanting in a quality essential where the interest of the theme is of so limited a nature. The refinement of surface observable in the sites themselves has scarcely been caught. Their loaded and painted look will be improved on when time shall have given the young painter experience. With such a sense of truth as he manifests, improved knowledge of the resources of his material will put him in the foremost ranks. His *Savannah on Fire*, of last year, was an evidence of superior power and for a more elevated purpose.

A picture of *Fruit* (38), by Mr. Lance, painted for Mr. Vernon, and one of the extensive collection now belonging to the nation, confirms the artist's superiority; and, in spite of our wish that such talents as he possesses should choose loftier themes, is a marvellous instance of sheer imitation. The grapes, with their bloom so delicately tinted in all the subtleties of cool grey lights and warm reflection,—the rugged melon done to the life—the rich and luscious pine-apple, with all its complexity of form and surface—the very mat on which they lie—all are wonderfully discriminated. The painter has outdone himself. *Red Cap* (210) is a repetition of a similar subject of last year—and is also national property. To our taste, it is not so good in quality as the former. *Industrious Amusement, Sixty Years Ago* (224) is another exemplification of just such results as have constituted the peculiarities of the Dutch school. While the painter has succeeded à merveille in all that concerns the particulars of occupation and costume, it is

to be regretted that equal power is not shown in the representation of the human form in its constituents of line, surface and colour, with all their subtleties. Mr. J. E. Lauder, the author of *Lorenzo and Jessica* (43), won honours and emolument for himself in Westminster Hall last year,—and for subjects of an important character. He is here illustrating an oft-told tale—and not with the same success. The sentiment of the scene and the expression proper to Lorenzo directing the attention of his new bride to the music of the spheres—where

Not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,—

are not communicated. Materiality marks alike the conception and its expression. The romance, the tenderness of the situation, and the spirituality of the text are sought in vain.

The Morning Walk (48) and *Zuleika* (23)—both evidently studied from the same type by H. O'Neil—are excellent transcripts of a head not remarkable for its symmetry, but exhibiting the high quality of expression. The first is most to our taste, because most simple and unpretending.

A Scene on the Estate of A. J. Munro, Esq., of Novar (59), by the late W. Simson, will be regarded with no common interest as the last work of a man of talent who, confining himself to no particular class, executed whatever he did with spirit and vigour. A manly style distinguishes it—and a feeling for harmony of colour, with a sense of light and shade; despite of much that is conventional and abstract, and copied from the Rubens school of landscape treatments.

That any one standing in presence of *A Saw Mill at Sardam* (129) would suppose himself in front of a picture by Mr. Stanfield we doubt, judging from our own feelings when we first saw it. The hue, effect, and texture have little in correspondence with that eminent artist's usual operations. That readiness and clearness of enunciation, bespeaking such a knowledge of the several parts of a scene, which distinguishes his works, are as conspicuous here as ever; it is in the general complexion that the difference is perceptible. Who, too, would at once recognize F. R. Lee in *A Highland Lake* (69)—some little points of landscape excepted? Treated with all the vigour of the artist's hand, it would have borne the addition of such light and shade as would have added sentiment to the scene. Here we have naked desolation without the grandeur of which it was susceptible.—*A Shady River—Summer* (313) better expresses M. Lee's peculiar forte. Though his aim be not a high one, he has the art of transporting the mind at once into the situation which he depicts. Fond himself of sylvan scenes and sports, he excites our sympathies with them; and wins from us, as in this instance, our assent to the proposition that he has painted the very place into which to retire for escape from the burning rays of the meridian sun. The peculiar colour of his green, the umbrageous character of his locale, and the translucent quality of his water are a combination of circumstances that excite such grateful emotions. Though sketchy, it may be that this picture has never been surpassed by him in its peculiar way.

Of Mr. Watts's two pictures—*Paolo and Francesca* (82) has a Dantesque spirit—and is more in unison with its subject than is the other of *Orlando pursuing the Fata Morgana* (95) with the spirit of Boiardo. A solemn and almost sepulchral character has been given to the first. There is much grandeur of intention and severity of line in the Paolo and Francesca. The colour of both, executed in the unshining and fresco-like material, is more consistent than in the same artist's large picture of last season in Westminster Hall. There is much here, nevertheless, that betrays Mr. Watts's acquaintance with the schools. Let him beware of pedantry. He is a person not merely of promise, but of some performance—whom we would not have spoilt by too much prostration of spirit and deferential submission to high authority.

In saying of Mr. Linton's style that it is different from that of most landscape painters of his day, we might be supposed as intending to imply that it is less true to nature—that it is either eccentric or false. In employing the phrase our intention is merely to convey that the objects which he apparently has in view and the results which he propounds to himself

are diverse from those ordinarily entertained by his branch of the profession. Though the mode of operation be different, the results are equally true. Breadth and solidity distinguish *Flint Castle, North Wales* (53); where the great and central mass of building forms the key stone, as it were, upon which depends the whole scheme of effect,—and this not made too obvious. This artist's most successful contribution is *The Palace of Ogni Anna; Capri in the distance, Bay of Naples* (394); where to the before-named qualities are superadded a truth in the shadow, force of colour, and general freshness of tint, that make it one of his happiest efforts. There is in the picture less than usual of that peculiarity of execution which distinguishes him. *A Scene in the New Forest* (100) and *Chioggia, an Island Town near the mouth of the Po, south of Venice* (424) are additional evidences of this artist's talent and industry; and added to a mass of so many other instances, explain by his untiring exertion the marked improvement visible in his works within the last few years.

Mrs. Carpenter has only one performance in this exhibition—*A Child and Kitten* (150). It is full of infantine sweetness.

Mr. Linnell's name has become a pledge of excellence. Whatever he does is performed by the hand of a man of science. His range is extensive, and generally his intentions are fulfilled. Has he not realized well the effect proposed in *The Last Gleam before the Storm* (49)? Has he not made us perfectly acquainted with every circumstance—even to the apprehension of the coldness that the fitful gales bring with them? Bating some degree of incoherence in certain violent purple tints that want congruity with the remaining general coldness of the sky—and a degree of manner in the execution where the operation of the pencil seems to have been too mechanically employed—there is more sentiment, freshness of hue, luminousness of quality, and variety of tint in this picture than in the dozens of other landscapes combined that crowd these apartments.

To enter into criticism in detail on Mr. Ansdell's *Bagged Pony* (18), or his *Wounded Hound* (40), or *A Study* (268) by Mr. J. F. Herring, would be wearisome to ourselves and distasteful to their authors.

We cannot but grieve that such powers of seeing and recording should not find independence of action in the great and extensive field of nature—that men who know and feel they have the power to transfer to canvas the actualities of scene or circumstance should content themselves with mere reproductions of the works of others. Here our remarks must close. Let us hope that real power will find the means of freeing itself from the thraldom of bigotry; of escaping from overweening admiration of any type, however great and popular,—from servile adherence to any man's mode of practice, however successful and fascinating.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The election of two Associates to fill up the vacancies in the list of Royal Academicians occasioned by the deaths of Mr. Collins and Mr. Howard took place on Thursday last. The Academic mantle has fallen on Messrs. Dyce and Cope. Two historical painters at one election could scarcely have, we think, have been expected. Westminster Hall would seem to be the high road to the Academy.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has acceded to a grant of 4,200L to the Print Department of the British Museum for the purchase of a collection of rare English portraits, &c., and of an extensive selection from the Aylesford Collection of Rembrandt's Etchings, which will render our national collection of the works of that master equal to any of the kind in Europe.

Among the contributions to the third meeting of the Graphic Society—which took place on Wednesday last—we noticed a picture of ‘Smugglers,’ professing to be by George Morland, the property of Mr. Cartwright. Mr. Ruskin was again there in his sepia drawings—one a view of ‘Warwick Castle from the Bridge.’ Among the Turner drawings brought by Mr. Windus, a view of the Lake of Nemi and another of Heidelberg were the most conspicuous. There was an oil picture—a river scene—by Stanfield; clear and beautiful in colour. We remarked, too, a portfolio of drawings by E. Hildebrandt; an artist

who, we understand, is of Prussian extraction, from the neighbourhood of Berlin. His drawings are well executed, and show some taste and originality. By Mr. C. Simoni, a picture of Elsinore, with figures in the foreground, and the towers of the castle in the background. By Mr. Wood—“A Girl with a Fan.”

The statue of Mr. Redding, by Mr. Scott, is in the Design on the left side of the pedestal.

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who, we understand, has been sent here by the King of Prussia to make drawings of Windsor Castle and its neighbourhood. Among them, a view looking from the Terrace of the Castle towards Eton—and a view of the Long Walk from the Home Park—the sites well chosen, the subjects treated with skill and careful in detail. There were two portfolios of studies of figures from nature, by the younger Goodall; and some tastefully-drawn specimens of buildings in Italy by Mr. C. Fowler—selected with much judgment. A picture of a Virgin and Child, marked as the production of Elizabeth Sarani—which should have been Sarani—was no very favourable example of Bolognese powers. There were also some studies by Mr. John Wood—but the meeting was so full that it was with difficulty we could obtain a sight of what objects were on the tables.

Mr. Redgrave delivered a lecture on flower-painting to the students of the Government School of Design on Friday the 4th inst. He was not heard to advantage from the half whisper of his manner—but it was clear that he had thought a good deal about his subject, and that there was much in what he said of practical utility. Some of the best flower-pieces from Hampton Court were borrowed for the occasion. Mr. Sheepshanks contributed a capital fruit-piece by Lance—and other collectors good specimens of Mr. Hunt's manner of representing fruits and flowers in water-colours. Students in Art learn a good deal more from what is shown than from what is said. The eye is pleased when the ear sometimes is only fatigued.

The statue of the late Mr. Huskisson, presented to the members of Lloyd's by his widow, has been placed in the vestibule of that establishment:—and the ceremony of uncovering it to the members and the public generally was performed on Monday last.

We borrow from the *Builder* the following description of Mr. Sydney Smirke's new Coffee Room at the Carlton Club House in Pall Mall—which was opened to the members last week. "It is a handsome apartment, 93 feet long, 37 feet wide, and 21 feet three inches high, formed into three compartments by Corinthian columns on pedestals (four pairs), which project into the room. The fire-place is in the middle of the long side of the room, and the entrance door is opposite to it. The dressings of the latter include columns of French marble. There are three windows at each end, and a large octagon light over the centre compartment. The ceiling is formed with deeply recessed panels highly enriched, with a handsome frieze beneath,—and is polychromatized by Mr. Sang in a more artist-like manner than anything he has before done. The walls are lined with satin-wood to a certain height, and above that are painted in panels of faint greens. The columns are green scagliola with white capitals, gilt, and black and gold pedestals. The effect of the whole is very satisfactory. Some elegant candelabra by Messrs. Whitfield & Hughes deserve commendation."

About twenty little carvings in ivory, which were discovered lying on some of the *bassi-rilievi* brought to this country from Nineveh by Mr. Layard, have been added to the national treasures in the British Museum. They are on a small scale—about 4 inches by 2½; the greater portion of them resembling strictly Egyptian types rather than Assyrian. Indeed, with scarcely any variation, they correspond with all other Egyptian relics that we know of. The few of Assyrian character will be great acquisition—showing, as they do, the state of such Art at that early period. They are well carved, in low relief. A series of drawings is being made from them for publication.

To facilitate the education of the people in the arts of design, a "new gallery" has been opened in Newman Street, Oxford Street, in a house well adapted for the purpose. Mr. Baily, the sculptor, has provided the Gallery with its chief ornaments and means of instruction, by a munificent gift of casts and models from the antique; including the "Apollo," "Venus de Milo," and "Gladiator." The institution was opened on Wednesday evening, with a discourse by Mr. James Matthews Leigh, the artist,—on the subject of the earliest periods of Art, particularly the Graecian schools.

It may not be generally known to the passers through King Street, Covent Garden, that in the smoking-room of the Garrick Club are four pictures

painted in distemper, though slight of their kind, rivalling any similar works that have been produced. "The Ruins of Baalbec," by David Roberts, is one of the most elegant productions of his pencil. The architectural details are touched in with all the certainty and grace so peculiarly his own; and the train of camels and figures executed as he only knows how to execute such matters. Stanfeld has contributed "The Remains of a Roman Arch, &c."—we believe at Ancona; the sea in the distance. This picture possesses qualities of tone and air that exhibit in some respects the superiority of the material over oil. The early practice of both these masters in the scene-room of the theatre has well qualified them for such productions. Nor is Mr. Louis Haghe—so well known for his eminence as a lithographic draughtsman—far behind these artists in his two subjects; one a scene in the Low Countries—the other a view in Italy. Both are with figures, on a large scale. Hitherto unused to the material, these pictures by Mr. Haghe prove that to the experienced and true artist the mere fact of change in the employment of pigments and vehicles is of little import. When the mind can conceive, the hand readily obedient in one medium can easily accommodate itself to another.

This winter, says the *Builder*, has been fatal to architects; Mr. Henry Hake Seward is to be added to the list of the departed. Mr. Seward was Assistant Surveyor-General of the Office of Works,—to which situation he was appointed on the resignation of Mr. Robert Brown, a pupil of Sir William Chambers. Mr. Seward was an early member of the Institute of Architects.

Very curious examples of civic liberality and enthusiasm are the Nelson monuments throughout the country. The same moral attends them all—the impossibility of erection, or if erected of maintenance, at the public cost. They are mere sentimental records, which cannot stand an appeal to the pocket. If heroes militant were at a discount generally in the same ratio, we should have no great disposition to question the matter—and should be well content with the fact without its explanation. But since amongst heroes of his class Nelson takes morally and professionally the first place, and of his brethren of the sword some are able to make good their footing wherever they please, at the very considerable expense of their countrymen, and in gallant defiance, at the same time, of their opinion, we do not in the least understand the Nelson phenomenon. Of all heroic names, perhaps the most popular is that of Nelson:—and yet we can nowhere get an arch or a column for him from the people. It is with Edinburgh as with London and with Yarmouth. Where maintained at all, the monumental Nelson has to maintain himself. At Yarmouth he is to get his living as a lighthouse—in Edinburgh he supports himself by the sale of ginger-beer and lollipops. An attempt has just been made in the latter place to get him into a more respectable line, by a party who would have employed him in astronomical exhibitions—and offered 60/- a-year. But the parish could not afford to keep him for less than 80/- 10s.—the sum offered for his services as pot-boy. The Scotch are a thrifty people—have no notion of keeping a Nelson monument in idleness—and like to turn even their vanity to the best account. They would make the lilies of the field spin if they knew how, and could get anything by it. They have much esteem for their own greatness; but are of opinion, at the same time, that if it be worth anything it should yield them something—or at the very least be able to keep itself. Scotland makes her living bards excise-men and her dead heroes ginger-beer signs.—We have not heard in what line Sir Walter Scott is to pick up the halfpence for keeping his new monument over his head.

At Berlin, the illustrious sculptor M. Schadow has been celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of the day of his nomination to the Royal Academy of Fine Arts—of which he is now the president. It may be well to recapitulate for English readers the terms of the homage which genius receives on such occasions in Germany; because, though other of the continental states have practices in that respect which would suggest them more or less approximatively, we have nothing amongst ourselves to take off the edge of the surprise and incredulity with which such statements will be read. In certain parts of Europe the court

and the people alike waste on poets, artists, and such like persons of doubtful reputation, the distinctions which we keep for dwarfs and other physical monstrosities. In Prussia genius usurps the rights of Tom Thumb. On the morning of M. Schadow's anniversary the king went in person to his house to congratulate him; and in the evening his neighbour lighted up their windows as if he had been the hero of a battle. These things are amongst the many signs which mark how fast the European mind is growing—and that, in spite of the old women who yet love the recital, it is inevitably getting past the story of Jack the Giant-killer.

A correspondent protests against the manner in which Mr. Elmes, sen. has recently allowed himself to speak of the late Mr. Wilkins and his porticos to London University College and the National Gallery. Instead, he says, of entering into a fair examination of these two porticos, the historian in question merely tickets them for ridicule and reprobation; calling them useless appendages, stuck up for the admiration of gazing cabmen and hackney-coachmen. This, our correspondent adds, is very sweeping censure indeed,—and would affect a great deal that we have been hitherto taught to admire. Not a syllable is said with regard to merit of composition and artistic effect—especially in the College portico—as considered apart from mere utility; yet if decided utility is to be a *sine qua non* in such matters, the upper loggia in the front of St. Paul's, the pseudo-colonnades in the south façade of the Bank, and the curved loggia at the north-west angle of the same building—which last Mr. Elmes himself calls "a gem of Art"—must be condemned more unsparingly than either of Wilkins's porticos. Hitherto, an external ascent to a portico, either by a single flight of steps or a succession of them, has been thought to add greatly to the dignity of such a feature. Palladio has frequently affected such an ascent to a portico; and Schinkel has adopted it where it must be attended with positive inconvenience—namely, in his Berlin theatre. Yet Wilkins is reproached for having, in the instances above mentioned, "mistakenly placed his staircases on the outside of the structure." When he was criticizing, Mr. Elmes should in mere fairness have remarked that the College exhibits in its present state only the *torso* of the intended composition—the wings, with their semi-circular porticos and domes, being necessary for its completion according to the original design. When these shall be added—as it is to be hoped they will—an exceedingly fine and picturesque ensemble will be produced; as may be seen by perspective views (one in the "Stationers' Almanack") which have been published of the entire design.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE—GRAND OPERA.

Last Night but Six of the Opera.
Mr. Reeves' Last Appearance but Three previous to the termination of his engagement.

ON MONDAY NEXT, Feb. 14th, Her Majesty's Servants will perform Donizetti's Opera of THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR. Edgardo (Master of Ravenswood), Mr. Reeves; Colonel Ashton, Mr. Whittleworth; Raymond, Mr. Grey; Lucy Ashton, Miss Mescuit. The Orchestra conducted by Mr. Charles Hallé.

To conclude the Season, the NEW DIVERTISSEMENT, entitled "L'Invitation à la Fête," in which Madie Fuoco will appear.

The LAST NIGHT of the OPERA will be FRIDAY, Feb. 25th, and the Season be terminated on MONDAY, Feb. 28th, with a Grand BAL MASQUÉ.

On MONDAY, March 6th, the Theatre will be RE-OPENED with the Performance of the CELEBRATED EQUESTRIAN TROUP, from the Cirque National des Champs Elysées, at Paris under the direction of M. Dejean.

WEIPPERT'S SOIRES DANSANTES, PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOMS, MONDAY, February 14, and every Monday. A Subscriber of Two Guineas is entitled to an admission for himself and Lady any Six Nights during the Season. Single Tickets, One Guinea each. The Band, as far as possible, conducted by himself, M.C., Mr. Corrie. The Refreshments and Supper by Mr. Payne, of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres. Commence at Eleven, conclude at Three. Tickets and Programmes at 21, Soho-square.

WILLISTON'S ROOMS, ST. JAMES'S.—MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S SOIRES DE PIANOFORTE MUSIC (Season 1828) will take place at the above Rooms on the following Evenings:—THURSDAY, February 17, THURSDAY, March 2, THURSDAY, March 16. To commence at half-past Eight o'clock precisely. Subscription Tickets for the Series, or Family Tickets (to admit three to one Soiree), One Guinea each; and Single Tickets, Half-Guinea each; may be had of all the principal Music-sellers; and of Mr. Lindley Sloper, 7, Southwick-place, Hyde-park-square.

MUSICAL UNION.—The EIGHT MARTINÉES for the Season 1828–29, to take place at Willistons Rooms, THURSDAYS, at half-past Three o'clock, March 22, April 11, May 2, 16, 30; June 13, 27; and July 8. Members desirous to subscribe for the present season to notify the same on or before the 1st of March, after which day tickets will be forwarded to Members' residences—Names of candidates to be sent to Messrs. Cramer & Co. 301, Regent-street, where all particulars can be obtained.

JOHN ELLA, Director

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The following Programme for the Season 1848 is respectfully submitted to the Nobility, Patrons of the Opera, and to the Public, with the confident hope that the arrangements will merit the continuance of the enthusiastic approbation and distinguished patronage which so pre-eminently marked the past Season, and maintained the established reputation of Her Majesty's Theatre as the centre of refined Art and of supreme Fashion.

ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE OPERA.

MADAME JENNY LINN.

In addition to the parts personified by this great Artist in the past Season, a succession of Operas, comprising new as well as established works, have been selected, in which she will appear in several novel and interesting characters.

The famous Soprano.

Madame SOFIA CRUVELLI.

From the Theatre La Fenice, a Venetian. Her first appearance.

Madame LUIS ALBADIÀ.

A Soprano of great renown from the Scala, and other great Theatres of Italy. Her first appearance.

Madame ADELAIDE MOLTINI.

The well-known and favourite Vocalist.

Signor SOFIA VERA,

Her first appearance.

Madame CAROLINE ROSATI,

And the eminent Artist.

Madame ELISA TORNOLINI.

Of La Scala, Milan; the Carissima, Vienna; and other great Theatres.

The famous Tenor.

Signor GARDONI.

The distinguished Tenor.

Signor CAVANINI,

From La Scala, and other great Theatres of Italy. His first appearance.

The admired Tenor.

Signor LABOCETTA.

Of the principal Theatres of Italy, and of the Italian Opera at Berlin.

The admired Baritone from the Opera La Pergola, at Florence,

Signor BELLETTI,

His first appearance.

Signor F. LABLACHE,

Signor BOUCHE,

Signor SOLARI, Signor GUIDI,

Signor COLETTI,

and Signor LABLACHE.

Director of the Music and Conductor, M. BALFE.

The greatest exertions have been made to obtain efficiency in the Secondary Parts, so as to secure in all respects unity and completeness.

Great attention has also been bestowed in the selection and harmonious combination of the Forces.

ORCHESTRA.

In which, amongst other experienced and distinguished Artists, the following have been engaged:—

M. TOLQUECUE, Leader.

M. NAUDAU, Leader of the Ballet.

M. OURY, Leader of the 2nd Violins.

M. D'ABRE, Leader.

M. PLATE.

Mr. PIGOTT.

Mr. W. WATTS.

Mr. COLLINS.

M. JACQUIN.

Sig. RUGGIO, 1st Corno Bass.

Mr. H. HUGHES, Leader of the Tenors.

M. GANEZ.

Mr. REMUSAT, Academic Royale,

Partie Finale.

Sig. BILLETI, 1st Clarinet, from Bohemia.

Mr. MAXCOCK, 2nd Clarinet.

The Military Band under the direction of M. BOOSE, Head Band Master of H.R.H. Prince Albert's Regiment of Scotch Fusilier Guards.

Poet and Prompter—Signor CRIPPA.

THE CHORUS has been selected with the utmost regard both to Vocal and Dramatic efficiency.

M. de CRAVE, Leader—M. MARETZKE.

In addition to the successful Operas produced last Season, a selection has been made from the most esteemed Works of the Lyrical Repertoire, to display to the utmost, and with attention to their peculiar and remarkable gifts, the talents of this powerful Company.

ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE BALLET.

The Ballet Department will present its superior excellence and combination of talent, with every complication.

Madame CARLOTTA GRISI,

Madame CAROLINE ROSATI,

Madame MARIE TAGLIONI,

and Mademoiselle PASCALE, &c.

Madame CERROTI;

Supported by

Madame PETIT STEPHAN,

Mademoiselle AUBUNDON, JULIENNE, THEVENOT, LAMOUREUX, EMILE,

FANNY PASCALE, &c.

M. PERROT,

M. PAUL TAGLIONI,

M. ST LEON,

M. GOSELLIN,

M. LOUIS DOR,

M. DI MATTIA;

MM. VENAFRA, GOURIET, &c. &c.

With a new and well-selected

CORPS DE BALLET.

Maitres de Ballet—M. PAUL TAGLIONI and M. PERROT.

+ Sous Maitre des Ballets, Master of the French School of Instruction—GOSELLIN, M.

Régisseur de la Danse, and Master of the English School of Instruction—M. PETIT.

Composer of the Ballet Music—Signor PUGNI.

Several Compositions for the Ballet Department are in preparation. Among others,

A NEW AND ORIGINAL BALLET

By M. PAUL TAGLIONI,

And Another by M. PERROT.

The COSTUME DEPARTMENT will be directed by Mr. WHALES and Miss BRADWELL, under the superintendence of Madame COFÈRE.

Principal Machinist—Mr. D. SLOWMAN.

Head of the Property Department—Mr. BRADWELL.

Principal Artist to the Establishment—Mr. CHAS. MARSHALL.

The Subscription will consist of the same number of Nights as last Season.

Other arrangements of peculiar interest are in progress.

The THEATRE will open on SATURDAY, the 19th February instant, when will be presented Verdi's admired Opera of

ERNANI.

Carlo F. Sig. GARDONI.

His first appearance this Season.

Ray Gomes de Silva. Sig. BELLETTI. His first appearance.

Ernani Sig. CUZZANI. His first appearance.

and Madie. SOFIA CRUVELLE.

After which will be presented an entirely new and original GRAND BALLET, in Four Tableaux, by M. PAUL TAGLIONI, entitled,

FIORITA ET LA REINE DES ELFIRIDES.

The Music composed by Sig. PONCI; the Scenery (entirely new) by Mr. MARSHALL; the Appointments by Mr. BRADWELL; the Costumes by Miss BRADWELL and Mr. WHALES, under the superintendence of Madame COFÈRE.

Principal Parts by

Madie. CAROLINA ROSATI, Mlle. THEVENOT, Julieanne, Lamoureux,

and Madie. MARIE TAGLIONI, &c. &c.

PRINCIPAL DANCES.

1. TABLEAU.

LA COUR D'ABERGNE EN SICILE.

La Fiancée Madie. Rosati, and Madies. Ju-

enne and Lamoureux, &c.

La Palermitana Madie. Rosati.

2. TABLEAU.

LA FORÊT DES ELFIRIDES.

Ballabile et Pas de la Reine Madie. Marie Taglioni, and Madies. Thevenot, Julieanne, Lamoureux, and Dames de Ballet.

Danse Nationale Corps de Ballet.

Pas Madie. Rosati and M. D'Or.

Pas Madie. Julieanne and Lamou-

reux.

3. TABLEAU.

LA CABANE DE HERTHA.

L'Illusion Madie. Marie Taglioni and M. D'Or, and Dames de Ballet.

4. TABLEAU.

LES JARDINS ENCHANTE.

L'Animation Madie. Rosati and M. D'Or, and Dames de Ballet.

L'Oubli Madie. Marie Taglioni and M. D'Or, Madie. Thevenot, Julieanne, Lamoureux, and Dames de Ballet.

LE CHATIMENT—SCÈNE FINALE.

M. Berlioz's Concert.—This entertainment, which was held on Monday, is not one to be dismissed briefly, for many sufficient reasons. The scale of the concert was extensive—the execution in most respects admirable,—while the composer who presented himself is one whose brilliant fancy and keen intellect as a critic and energetic perseverance as a man made us anxious to meet him on the ground where his powers have been thrown into the most ambitious forms of artistic composition. It would be injustice to the cleverest of our confraternity to use any idle compliments in examining his claims to present favour and future fame as a composer.

Much has been said and argued with regard to the originality of M. Berlioz. Now, let it never be forgotten that the phrase "*Si non è vero è ben trovato*," which at once characterizes and rewards so many creative efforts, is capable of as many variations as the *Gavotte* in '*Achille*':—"What is new need not therefore be *true*," being among the number. And if, by way of *gloss* upon this adage, we were to accept Lord Byron's assertion, that "Pure invention is but the talent of a liar," the conclusion arrived at with respect to much that is called "originality in Art" would be something of the oddest. It is impossible to bind invention by a statute of limitations; yet if Fantasy entirely break the bounds of Taste as established, of scientific experience as cultivated, of sympathy as naturally felt, how can she prove herself to be the Spirit we have been used admiringly to follow? In the most broken and strange of Beethoven's latest works, in the least comprehensive of Blake's visions, will be found some touch which, if separated from the entire mystery, speaks to the simplest worshipper of poetic beauty. For the sake of this, we are willing to believe that those gigantic or chaotic forms and outlines, harmonies or discords, which we can neither grasp nor respond to, represent ideas—though the finite powers of expression place their vastness beyond our comprehension.

The subject is not one to be exhausted in a paragraph,—though it must perpetually recur to the student of Art as one full of speculation. But neither can it be escaped from by any one honestly, not superficially, desiring to judge such productions as those of M. Berlioz. For he is called upon every instant, while hearing them, to distinguish betwixt what may be good and what is strange—betwixt what appears difficult and what is simple—in a manner importunate enough to puzzle a college of critics. We are far from pretending to offer a final judgment after a single hear-

ing. One striking characteristic of M. Berlioz, however, is easy to describe: we mean the admirable sonority of his orchestral effects. In this he is bold "new and true"—an original colourist of the very first order, producing tints of a depth or of a delicacy such as have been commanded by few,—seeming to know the best sounds of every instrument, and to group them artfully and liberally, yet not to satiety. The "serenade in the Abruzzi," from the 'Harold' Symphony—the faery chorus and dance from the 'Faust'—linger on our ears by the loveliness of their sounds rather than because of any preciousness in their melodic phrases. Thus certain passages in the sunset skies of Claude, and the wide horizons of Vandervelde's 'Calms,' fascinate the memory, without a single *incident*, merely by their air and tone. Many a great musician has gone to his grave without being able to produce one page of agreeable vocal chords—many a skilful orchestral writer ended his career, yet not added a single beauty to our treasury of effects. The above, then, is a special gift,—possibly of temperament as much as of study; but it is possessed by M. Berlioz in profusion.

As regards the value of his ideas or the nature of his constructive powers we must speak far less dogmatically. M. Berlioz seems to work by reiteration and interjection, rather than by development and episode harmoniously combined with the principal topic:—his management of modulation, shown in more than one *coda* and climax, is eccentric rather than genial. We were startled oftener than held in suspense: sometimes thrown out by freakish touches where a natural and imperceptible link was the thing wanted. But we shall best illustrate our meaning by going rapidly over the *programme* of the concert. It began with an overture called 'The Roman Carnival'—a composition consisting of an *andante* introducing a winning subject:—followed by a spirited *allegro*, somewhat *alla tarantella*, bright and busy but wanting relief. The close is piquant and brilliant. The came a pastoral Breton ballad (from the melody of which a second part seemed to us missing),—lulling and simple, and smoothly sung by Miss Miran. The principal feature of the first act was 'Harold,' an Italian symphony in five movements. These are a *largo*, bold in style and decided in figure—an *allegro* of great vivacity; which, again, we thought somewhat stilted of episodical matter,—then the much-spoken-of 'March of Pilgrims.' This might have been written to illustrate Wordsworth's lines—

Yon pilgrims see, in lagging file
They move: but soon the appointed way

A choral *Ave Maria* shall beguile.

—for the simple and marked phrase of melody, broken by an under-murmur as "from men praying as they go," produces a picturesque effect by its iteration. The close of the movement, with its obstinate interruption of a note totally foreign to its key, is strange and happy—a touch of quaint romance, which rivets the ear. To this follows the 'Serenade' to which we have adverted,—our favourite among the five movements. It was hardly fair of M. Berlioz to write so thanklessly as he has done of his sojourn in Italy; since if he did not gather concords there, he must have gathered pictures. The above is wild sweet mountain music, but as little like anything Swiss or Tyrolean, as the tune of a *pifferaro* resembles the *jodeln*-ing of the Sister Singers on the Lake of Brienz, or the Alp-horn and dulcimer which lay the pilgrim as he goes over the Wengern Alp. The Symphony closes with an *agitato*, which we liked the least among the movements; its patchiness seeming beyond the power of patience to plead for, or charity to accredit. The ordinance, then, of 'Harold' is plain enough—but its working out is marked by sundry novelties. The Symphony is not only characteristic; but a unity of poetical purpose is given to the whole by the *solo* part of the *allegro*, which is heard

* While writing the above, we cannot but remember that a like complaint has been brought against most French composers—not merely the moderns, such as MM. David, Aubert, and especially, Halévy, but also the elder and clowns of grander aims and more solemn pretensions. The old complaint which the votaries of Italian music used to prefer against the operas of Lulli, Rameau, and even Beck, was that they contained "no tunes." It would have been fairer to say that they contained "no tunes." We have been led to believe that our instances are worth anything, they point to a characteristic—not an accident—to a predilection rather than a deficiency.

from time to dialogue—of the pilgrims who are intended here for the quarrel with the orchestra—
we shall be novelty in such Bach's two fates, performances again that septet of se Symphonies or "metaphysical destiny." Before us, individual example is with regard to be a person interrupt that due pr incumbent, player few. Our imp attractively than satisfied but disappeared except the p. Beguiled wonderfully on its first beyond, not musician. whereas the Symphony among his complete his come for it meant to us, ered on the so much as less strong, symphony in the case w been driven contrivance time that sequence a have impro. We are involves the from perception concurred with that, that the Weiss, and Madame Benvenuto and that a from the Berlioz) c. fully attend tentatively became end of the Syphys' in M. Berlioz

EXTREMELY crowded, whether to Hillah's Sims Reeve Handel's 'Israel' speak too steadiness, lected, with strength,

erlier, how admirable he is both of the very delicate seeming to ent, and to " from the and dance use of the love, thus certain, and the "fascinating merely by man has gone one page single beauty, then, is a much as of oz in per- the nature of rock for less by redevelop- ment the prin- ciples, shown rather than held in touch is the thing meaning by concert. It in Carnival introducing al- legro but wando- ment. The melody of "—lulling him. The Harold' are these a —an allegro somewhat chock-speak- been written

of melody, in playing by its iter- s obstinate key, is romance; Serenade among the M. Berlioz his sojourn records there, it is wildly anything that resembles the Lake of which way—Angern Alp, which we liked most seem- ed far, or "Harold" by sun- character- even to the is heard,

remember most French M. David, elder mun- tions. The music used to be even Gluck, I have been cut short." to a char- rather than

from time to time, in monody, in comment, and in dialogue—and by which, we presume, the reveries of the pilgrim among the romantic scenes of Italy, are intended to be shadowed forth. There is nothing here for the most rigid stickler of cut-and-dry forms to quarrel with. If we look over the catalogues of the orchestral music by Sebastian Bach and Mozart, we shall meet perpetual traces of attempts after novelty in combination: to go no further for instance than Bach's piano-forte composition with quartett and two flutes, played by Mr. Moscheles, at his last performances in England, with such success. Spohr, again, that most methodical of masters, has used a septet of *soli* instruments against the orchestra in the Symphony which he meant should be a mystical—or "metaphysical"—a shadowing forth of Man's destiny. When the composition, as in the case before us, is intended to convey something of individuality, the device becomes as happy as example has made it warrantable.—So much with regard to a matter thoughtlessly assumed to be a peculiar piece of eccentricity. We must interrupt the thread of our remarks for a moment that due praise may be given to the artist, Mr. Hill,—by whom the *viola* part was taken. This is the more incumbent, since his instrument is one affording its player few opportunities of individual play and display.

Our impression, then, of 'Harold' is that it is attractively picturesque in colour, agreeable (rather than satisfactory or symmetrical) in melodic ideas, but disappointing in construction. We cannot accept the plea of romantic composition by way of reply. Beethoven's 'Pastorale' is romantic, but how wonderfully it is wrought! Its partial acceptance on its first hearing arose from the fact that it went *beyond*, not that it *disappointed*, the regularly trained musician. Let us venture further,—and say that, whereas the first movement of Beethoven's Choral Symphony and its *scherzo* have taken their places among his master-works, we imagine that no day of complete favour and unhesitating sympathy will ever come for its last movement. M. Berlioz does not seem to us, in the laying-out of his plans, to have erred on the side of disproportion or extravagance so much as to have shown himself in their fulfilment less strong, less capable of sustained thought than a symphony writer—who is to live—should be. As is the case with M. Meyerbeer in his operas, he has been driven to invent dexterous artifices, on the contrivance of which must have been spent more time than would have insured that mastery over form, sequence and detail that might, to our apprehension, have improved the work.

We are inclined to lay stress on this point—which involves the whole question of school or no school—from perceiving symptoms of a disposition to be reconciled with established usages in the 'Faust' that argue a change of mood,—and the result of which is music not less individual, but far more complete and welcome. Since, however, the portions of the "lyrical drama" performed nearly equal in length two acts of an opera, it will be best that we should return to the matter in another article. Here, then, we will add that, as the *solo* parts were sung by Messrs. Reeves, Weiss, and Gregg,—that in addition to this music Madame Dorus-Grus sang a brilliant air from the 'Benvenuto Cellini' with her usual skill and success; and that a chorus from the 'Requiem' and another from the 'Triumphal Symphony' (both by M. Berlioz) closed this interesting concert. It was fully attended: and, in spite of its great length, attentively followed by a very large audience,—who became enthusiastic over a Hungarian March at the end of the first part of 'Faust' and 'The Dance of Sphæs' in the second, and would have both *encored*. M. Berlioz, himself, was received with due honours.

EXETER HALL.—**Mr. Reeves.**—Exeter Hall was crowded on Thursday evening: many thronging thither to hear 'Judas Maccabeus' sung by Mr. Hellah's chorists—more, it may be, to hear Mr. Sims Reeves. With regard to the choral execution of Handel's *heroic Oratorio* (his 'Messiah' being *spiritual*, his 'Israel' *descriptive*), it is hardly possible to speak too highly. The choruses went with due force, steadiness, and brilliancy: and, it should be recollect, *without* an organ to cover up defects or to strengthen weak places. We have praise, too,

to give Miss Stewart, Mrs. Weiss (who has much improved, and sung her music *by heart*), and Miss Duval, for their excellent and spirited performance; also to the basses, Messrs. Phillips and W. Seguin. But we must hasten over these several contributions to a satisfactory whole; having to speak of a novelty of first-rate interest. Here, again, might be felt how closely an oratorio by Handel resembles a play of Shakespeare. Intrinsically admirable and sterling, it has an additional beauty—the perennial value of being tempting to the executant. No ambitious English tenor will do otherwise than embrace an opportunity of singing the recitative in 'Jephtha,' or 'Thy rebuke,' or 'Sound an alarm.' The inference should not be lost on those who imagine creative greatness to imply, not the conciliation, but the coercion of all concerned in execution. In spite of the apology tendered for him on the score of a bad cold—we were more pleased with Mr. Reeves in Exeter Hall than we have yet been in Drury Lane Theatre. As to voice, it would be childish to measure him with any tenor England has had since Brahms; and we suspect his register upwards to be more extensive than Brahms' was in its best days. Let him beware of being led away by youth, conscious strength, and declamatory enthusiasm, into abusing its power. His use of it in the martial songs of which his part principally consists was excellent. There was a mixture of measurement and flexibility in his divisions, such as, in our time at least, was never exhibited by his predecessor: who used to precipitate and confuse his passages to arrive at his great notes in a manner neither refined nor scientific. This was particularly evident in the groups of six *semi-quavers* in 'Sound an alarm';—and we note the excellence minutely because it is a sign from which musicians may draw good auguries. From Thursday's performance, we are disposed to credit Mr. Reeves with power to sing the part of *Otello* precisely as written: a supposition which implies him to be possessed of means to take the very highest rank in his profession. On the other hand, the shake (indispensable as a Handelian grace) was missing. It must be forthcoming if Mr. Reeves intend to become our great oratorio singer. His recitative was, as a whole, very fine,—poetically read, and strikingly delivered. Briefly, our admiration of and expectations from Mr. Reeves are much heightened by this performance. We may note the public welcome thereof as (like Miss Kemble's success) another triumphant reply to those who defend native incompetence by moaning over what they call "the neglect of native talent."

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Since our last publication, a pamphlet has been forwarded to us, entitled 'A Letter addressed to the President of the Sacred Harmonic Society; calling attention to the rapid diminution of the property of that body—pointing out sundry abuses to be corrected and sundry causes of the abatement of public favour.'

To examine the writer's statements point by point would lead us too far;—but we are glad to extract two passages, in confirmation of our judgment often expressed:—

I approach a consideration of the Cause number Three—namely, the unimprovement of the Chorus and the general inefficiency of the Band,—with both pain and reluctance; but, believing myself, Sir, to be actuated by a sincere desire for the welfare of the Society, I will not hesitate to give my opinion that this has been one great cause of the Society's decline. The majority of the members and assistants are persons who, as I mentioned before, were connected with various small meetings for the performance of sacred music; and the opportunity of giving with increased power and effect the magnificent choruses from 'The Messiah,' 'Israælin Egypt,' 'Judas Maccabæus,' 'The Creation,' and one or two other familiar works are eagerly seized and enjoyed, but beyond this they have progressed very little, if at all. The music of Mr. Perry's oratorios was creditably done, because, partaking of the style of the older masters, it does not present very great difficulties, and because the respect entertained for that talented and worthy man induced the Chorus and Band to take pains: but Mendelssohn's and Spohr's music has never been half done; and any one who had the pain of listening to the rehearsals which took place under the immediate direction of Dr. Mendelssohn and Dr. Spohr, could plainly perceive that the chorus of the Sacred Harmonic Society is deficient in the musical education and ability requisite for the correct performance of the modern oratorios. Indeed, any one who has heard them rehearse choruses from Handel, which are supposed to be the A B C of parties making any pretension to sacred music singing, must be aware that they are done in a very incorrect manner. The shading is almost entirely disregarded; the points are left to be taken up by any one or two who happen to have more knowledge or courage than the others, and, if unsupported by the organ or the band, the certain result is a declension in the scale, varying from a semi-tone to a tone. * * In

conjunction with this subject, I am obliged to add a few words on the general inefficiency of the Band. Amongst the Band there are several amateurs of great natural musical talent; there are also several young persons who, however they may be gifted, have not yet obtained sufficient mastery of their instruments; there are also several young persons who exercise the powers they possess with most culpable indiscretion; and there are, I regret to say, several persons from whom any improvement is hopeless, and who do much more harm than good in the orchestra. To look at the assembled Band from the audience part of the Hall, it appears most splendid and powerful; but, like the statue seen in the vision of Daniel, though the head be of gold the feet are of clay.

Now, at the time when the *Sacred Harmonic Society* was laying by money in consequence of the affluence of public support, matters were just as bad—or worse even perhaps, than here stated; since the amount of professional assistance was then much smaller than at present. What, therefore, does the above remark illustrate? That the public has advanced,—while the performances, which never were good, have remained *in statu quo*.—We are aware that English amateurs make a body singularly difficult to manage; impatient of labour,—unpunctual at rehearsal,—and given to singing or *savvng* out of time and tune, each man according to his own (want of) conscience and modesty. So much the greater need, then, of an efficient conductor,—whose presence and authority will speedily decide the matter in one way or other. Better a real working body of sixty performers than a phantom squadron of six hundred the majority of whom quarrel with work as "not amusing." The faults pointed at are difficult to amend—being organic, deep-seated vices, owned for the first time only after the public has marked them by the emphasis of its desertion; but unless they be grappled with resolutely and at once, the *Sacred Harmonic Society* can hardly keep its place much longer.

DRURY LANE.—**M. Jullien's** operatic speculation has already, we suspect, virtually terminated: the management being in extreme difficulties.—A letter from M. Gras Dorus, in the Thursday's papers, announces that his lady declined to appear on the previous evening at Mr. Reeves's benefit, in consequence of her salary having fallen into arrear. M. Jullien's reply, yesterday, announcing that arrangements have been made for the liquidation of every claim, attributes many of his mishaps to her want of compliance with reasonable managerial requests.—We fear, however, that the source lies far deeper.—With regard to matters of contract and courtesy, now so perpetually brought before the public, we have long had a word to say; which may appear in *due*—though possibly not in *the*—season.

MARYLEBONE.—On Monday the play of 'The Wrecker's Daughter,' by Mr. Sheridan Knowles, was revived at this theatre. This piece was originally produced at Drury Lane in 1836; on which occasion Mrs. Warner (then Miss Huddart) performed the heroine. The lady won her reputation in the part; while the drama itself became the theme of much critical controversy. It is, to all intents, in style and treatment a tragedy,—while its manners and costume are those of Cornwall wreckers; and thus it formed an experiment as to the possibility of embodying in such humble personages the highest dramatic elements without violence to nature. In our opinion the poet succeeded. Pity and terror, affecting situation, powerful interest, various character, lofty sentiment, and a striking catastrophe are all to be found in his production. The story and material seem to be ultra-melodramatic; but a little reflection will show that the poetic quality predominates in the composition—and that, notwithstanding certain appearances, it is legitimate in its purpose and its means. We find in the severity of its style and the nature of its *dénouement* traces of Mr. Knowles's study of the Greek drama, and in particular of his avowed preference for Euripides—on whom he has so frequently lectured. Such may be detected in the remorse of *Wolf* (Mr. Vining) on his return from his wanderings dogged by the blood-hounds of conscience, as if by furies—his taking refuge in the village church, and there finding peace,—his being haunted by the voice urging him to "repent" and "confess,"—and his being slain the moment he has so done. *Norris*, the involuntary paricide (Mr. Johnstone), is a character in the same stern spirit; as is also the heroine herself, *Marian*

(Mrs. Warner),—who, thinking that she had seen her father *Robert* (Mr. Graham) commit the murder on the shipwrecked victim, bears conscientious testimony in open court against him. The interview between the father and daughter (the former conscious of his innocence and the latter wrongly convinced of his guilt) after his conviction and sentence is truly appalling.—This fine drama has been placed on the stage in a manner worthy of its merits. Mrs. Warner's acting in Marian is classical in both conception and execution; and in adopting this stately method of performance she is right. *Edward*, her sailor lover, was performed by Mr. Belton,—who had unfortunately conceived his part in a different spirit. Let Mr. Belton learn that in such a drama the mere costume is enough to indicate the trade and rank of the character he personates; in other respects he is simply a man and a lover breathing benevolent aspirations and generous in his general bearing and habit of mind. Mr. Graham as the father was natural and touching. Mr. Johnstone suffered by our recollection of poor Warde in the part of *Black Norris*, the real murderer, who contrives to implicate others in the crimes committed exclusively by himself. Nevertheless, he threw much manly energy and a certain grand air of determination into his performance;—though when excited to passion he was somewhat too boisterous. With Mr. Cooke's impersonation of the clergyman in the last act we were much pleased. The interference of this person in the immediate business of his scene is most artistically introduced by the poet; and the repose thereby induced had a beautiful effect. We must not conclude without referring to Mrs. Warner's trance scene; in which the truth hid from her in her waking condition is, as it were, miraculously revealed—thereby bringing confusion on the great criminal of the drama. The performance was well received: and we hope—for the sake at once of the poet and of the management—that it may, as it deserves, prove attractive.

OLYMPIC.—Mr. Lysander S. Thompson—a gentleman celebrated, we understand, in the provinces for the impersonation of Yorkshire characters—appeared on Saturday, in the part of *Tyke*, in Morton's comedy 'The School of Reform.' We were not able to see him until Wednesday; when the play, besides being well mounted, was well performed. Mr. Davidge as *General Tarragon* was good; and Mr. Holl as *Ferment* had a part exactly suited to his talent. Mrs. Brougham as *Mrs. Ferment*, played and looked the lady to perfection. Mr. Thompson was, therefore, well supported in his efforts to please—and deserved to be so. Nature has fitted him admirably for the line in which he has achieved his reputation. Tall, stalwart, gaunt, shaggy and grim, he looked the Yorkshireman to the life, and speaks the *patois* like a native of the shire. The mixture of cunning and simplicity assumed, at once rendered the particular part and testified to the possession of no ordinary artistic talent. Mr. Thompson's voice is flexible and capable of considerable variety. Its deep guttural tones expressed some of the more ferocious passions with peculiar effect. Of prose tragedy, such as is frequently introduced for the sake of contrast into comic dramas, Mr. Thompson is undoubtedly an efficient actor. In thus giving an opportunity for provincial talent to exhibit itself, the management of this theatre is doing good service; and will, by such means, gradually accumulate a complete company—which, when reduced to good working condition, may, we hope, carry out the higher purposes announced.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—We gave, a fortnight since [ante, p. 119], a list of the performers of the two Italian Operas. The directors of Covent Garden have since put forth a sketch of their repertory. This is promised to comprise, as we said, 'Tancredi,' for the *début* of Mdlle. Albouin—'La Favorita,' with Madame Grisi, Signori Mario, Ronconi, and Marini—'Guillaume Tell,' for Madame Castellan—'La Figlia,' for Mdlle. Zoin—and a new repertory for Madame Viardot, including 'Les Huguenots' (expressly adapted for her) and 'Fidelio.' She will also, we are told, sing with M. Roger in the 'Haydee,' which M. Auber is said to be arranging for the Italian stage.

We perceive that 'Ernani' is to be the opening

opera at Her Majesty's Theatre; in which Mdlle. Crivelli, Signori Gardoni, Cuzzani, and Belletti will appear.—No repertory is promised: a reserve which we hold to be prudent, under circumstances.—In addition to the artists announced by Mr. Lumley, Signor Paglieri has arrived; a tenor, whose voice has been described to us as very fine.

Our contemporaries advert to a reading of the 'Edipus' which took place at Court this week—the choruses written by Mendelssohn being performed on the occasion. The public, we imagine, would be glad of any opportunity to make acquaintance with the music of this work and of the 'Athalia.' Besides this, we have still to hear the 'Lauda Sion' and a Psalm or two; one being the fine setting of 'Non nobis, Domine,'—another written for the collection of Mr. Broadley, which has never, we believe, been, in the ordinary sense of the term, published.

The commencement of many musical entertainments is now announced. Mr. W. S. Bennett's *Soirées* begin on Tuesday next—the first exclusively devoted to Mendelssohn's music. Mr. Lindsay Sloper's commence on Thursday. The first of the *Ancient Concerts* is to be held on Wednesday, March 22nd—that society being, also, now permitted by its statutes to avail itself of the various compositions of the deceased master.—The *Musical Union* will recommence its parties on the 28th of next month.—The first of the *Beethoven Quartets* is also announced. These last meetings are open to extension and diversification; and in this, as in every similar case, it is always wise—we may say needful—for the directing parties to lead, without forcing, the taste of the public.

Si H. Bishop has been appointed to the Oxford Professorship of Music, vacated by the death of Dr. Crotch;—who had occupied the chair for fifty years.

A new scene of the Bunn and Lind quarrel was played last week, in a very quiet way. On the opening of the trial, the Defendant's solicitor endeavoured to set aside the engagement on the plea that certain formalities of notice, &c. had not been complied with. This, however, was disposed of by Lord Denman, who declared the contract binding; and, thus clearing the matter of cobwebs, reduced the affair to what it was in equity proved to be by Mdlle. Jenny Lind's offer of compromise as a defaulter—namely, a question of damages. The case was to have come on on "the morrow," but it seems to have gone in again.

The news of the week from Paris is not very important. Signor Bettini, however, is described as having performed the improvement promised for him in 'Robert.' If his progress be really such as is stated, M. Roger will have to look to his laurels; the Italian gentleman happening to possess what is an indispensable at the *Académie*—namely, great power of voice!—We are also told that, not content with M. Bettini's success (?) and M. Roger's engagement, the management of the *Académie* at Paris has secured that rising artist Signor Guasco, by way of making sure of sufficient means for the execution of M. Meyerbeer's opera—when it shall come.—M. Reber's opera, 'La Nuit de Noël,' is immediately forthcoming at the *Opéra Comique*, to alternate with 'Haydee.'—'Les Montenegrins,' by M. Limanander, Belgian composer, is about to be given at the *Opéra National*. What has become of that very clever writer, M. Ambroise Thomas?—At the second concert of the *Conservatoire*, M. Hallé played Beethoven's lovely P. F. Concerto in G; and an 'Ave Maria' by M. Gautier was tried, which is said not to have pleased. The fashion for chamber-music of the best kind seems on the increase.

That eccentric

master of the strings and bow,

M. Olé Bull, is said to be moving hitherward from the South of France.—The Parisian journals report the deserted state of *La Scala*; and the success at Moscow of a Russian 'Esmeralda,'—an opera composed by a native composer, M. Dargominski.

We perceive that M. Benedict's opera 'The Crusaders' has been entirely successful in his native town of Stuttgart; where the composer has been honoured with a handsome mark of royal approbation in the form of a "golden box" from the King of Wurtemburg.

It is said that Mrs. Butler has entered into an engagement with Mr. Mitchell, to give readings at the St. James's Theatre. Her migration to the

theatres of America, too, has been rumoured in the dramatic circles, as likely shortly to take place.

That which was threatened for M. Dumas in just has been done by M. Dumas in earnest. Portions of 'The Count of Monte-Cristo' dramatized have been given at the *Théâtre Historique* on two successive evenings. M. Janin has never been more amusing in the *feuilleton* than in his sublime diaries on the occasion.

MISCELLANEA

Anastatic Printing.—In conjunction with M. H. Delamotte, who has lately established an anastatic press in this city (under licence from the patentee), I have recently been trying various modes of transferring pen etchings and tracings to zinc plates. Two days ago it occurred to me that drawings made on paper with lithographic chalk might be transferred and printed from, in the same manner. Yesterday morning I had a somewhat hasty sketch made with lithographic chalk, on common drawing paper (of good quality but not very smooth surface), and sent it to Mr. Delamotte's press. An hour after, I received a proof similar to the one inclosed; which is a perfect *fac-simile* of the original drawing, and can not be distinguished from a lithograph. Further experiments will be required to prove whether this method can supersede the finer branches of lithographic drawing,—or, in other words, whether paper can be made with a surface as finely and uniformly *grained* as that which is produced on the stone. But for less delicate and elaborate works there can be no doubt that the anastatic process has two advantages over lithography.—First, we dispense with the cost and inconvenience of transporting and using heavy stones. The traveller may now fill his portfolio with sketches made in the field, with lithographic chalk on paper,—and may afterwards print as many copies of these sketches as he pleases. And secondly, the drawings do not require to be *reversed*, nor even recopied,—a great saving of the artist's time and labour. Wishing to give the public the benefit of this very simple application of the Anastatic art, I lose no time in communicating it to you.

I am, &c. H. E. STRICKLAND, M.A.
Oxford, Feb. 10.

A Warning from Egypt.—In ancient Egypt the plague was unknown. Although densely populated, the health of the inhabitants was preserved by strict attention to sanitary regulations. But with time came on change—and that change was in man. The serene climate, the enriching river, the fruitful soil remained; but when the experience of 2,000 years was set at nought,—when the precautions previously adopted for preserving the soil from accumulated impurities were neglected,—when the sepulchres of civilized Egypt were exchanged for the modern but barbarous practices of interment,—when the land of mummies became, as it now is, one vast charnel-house—the seed which was sown brought forth its bitter fruit, and from dangerous innovation came the most deadly pestilence. The plague first appeared in Egypt in the year 542, two hundred years after the change had been made from the ancient to the modern mode of sepulture; and every one at all acquainted with the actual condition of Egypt will at once recognize in the soil more than sufficient to account for the dreadful malady which constantly afflicts the people.—*Mr. Walker on the Metropolitan Grave-Yards.*

The New Houses of Parliament.—Returns of the aggregate amount already paid, or agreed to be paid, to contractors and other persons for the purchase of lands and houses for the erection of the Palace of Westminster (or new Houses of Parliament) were ordered by the House of Commons to be printed on the 20th of December. They have been issued to the public. It appears that the aggregate amount of all sums paid by the Woods and Forests on account of the New Houses, including all allowances for house-rent, for the use of the officers or offices of the two houses, from 1834 to the present period, and of the sums paid since the destruction of the Houses of Parliament by fire, for temporary buildings and repairs for the accommodation of Parliament, is 1,066,581.

The amount of the original estimate (1837) was 707,104.—*Times.*

Houses for the Industrious Classes.—The *Daily News* of Monday last gives a particular and interesting account of a collection of furnished apartments recently erected in the Old St. Pancras Road, by the "Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes." They contain accommodation for one hundred and ten families—ninety of the separate "houses," as they are called, having three rooms, and twenty only two. From the landing you enter by door, which answers all the purpose of a "street-door," and completely isolates the inmates; for opposite to it on the inside is a second door, which you must open before gaining access to the apartment. Every convenience within, such as a range, with boiler and oven, a scullery containing a cistern, water-closet, coal-bin, meat safe, a sink, for the exit of liquid refuse, and a shaft for throwing down ashes and other dry rubbish—almost completes the isolation, by doing away with much ascending and descending of stairs. The "houses," of three rooms consist of one sitting-room, to serve also as a cooking-room, and two bed-rooms, one with a fire-place (and this may be made into a sitting-room if preferred), and the other with none, besides the scullery. Compared with apartments in which persons of humble means usually reside, these rooms are large. The best of the sitting-rooms are 14 feet by 10 feet 6 inches; the larger sleeping-room 12 feet 11 inches by 9 feet 7, and the smaller one the same length, but only 6 feet 10 wide. All are of a good height. The principal room in houses of two rooms would be of the same size as the above, only that the scullery is partitioned off from it in the upper stories, and the entry is taken from the dimensions in the ground floors. The arrangements for the supply of air, though far from complete, are efficacious. The stairs, of stone, are well aired from the top by Kite's patent ventilator, and lighted with gas. Under each floor is a small grating in the outer facing of the building, which ventilates the houses, nearly all of which occupy the whole depth of the building,—hence a thorough draught is effected through every room back and front. Standing in the middle of the sitting-room of each of the houses, a general survey may be taken through the open doors that leads into the other apartments, and the habitation presents an appearance of lightness, cleanliness, snugness, and convenience, which the slaves of affluence, with all its attendant pretension, pomp and circumstance, might envy. The prices for two rooms vary from 3s. to 5s. per week, according to their size; and the sets of three rooms from 4s. 6d. to 7s. per week. The charges include taxes, parish and water rates, and gas on the staircases. Even they, says the *Daily News*, might have been less but for the oppressive operation of the window-tax, which exacts, according to the mode of assessment insisted on, the same taxation for ten of these dwellings as that for one forty-windowed house; while each of these sets of rooms would have been exempt from the tax had they been separate cottages. The anomaly of the law in this respect is rendered the more glaring by the fact, that by the Registration Act the houses are pronounced to be separate habitations, and if the tenants—instead of their landlords—paid the rates and taxes, those of 4s. and upwards per week would be entitled to a vote for the borough of Finsbury in respect of their separate occupancy. Thus a non-taxing Act of Parliament says each is a distinct tenement, while a taxing Act declares that it is not.—What follows is deserving of the utmost attention. Having provided at a cheap rate comfortable houses for the industrious classes, the Association aimed at getting them tenanted by those who most needed them—the occupants of the damp, cheerless, filthy, and dear abodes mentioned in the Parliamentary Reports. To this end a description of the building, with a scale of rents, was left at several large manufactories; such as gas works, iron forges, brass and other metal foundries, stone yards, and amongst bricklayers. Alas! it may be instanced as a specimen of the perversity of human nature, the hope was unfilled. The description of persons for whose especial benefit the structure was raised have repudiated it altogether. It will not be credited by those who know little of the habits and feelings of the lower ranks of industrious poor, that they actually prefer the expensive filth in which they now exist. The strongest objections which they urged are of a

sentimental character, chiefly resulting from the much-vaunted—and in many other cases wholesome—spirit of "British liberty." Some of the applicants shuddered on the very threshold. The building too forcibly reminded them of another kind of "big house," and they walked away, declaring they would rather live anywhere than in a kind of union house. Again, a free and easy filthy freedom reigns in Parker-street, Drury-lane, in Orchard-street, Westminster, and among the suburban squatters of Agar-town and Maiden-lane. To this the orderly appearance of the new house was utterly repulsive, and threatened restraint. One independent brass-founder plainly told the collector that he was not going to be interfered with, and have people looking into his rooms to see if they were clean or not; he would clean them and dirty them when he liked—that was his business. It was in vain that he was told no such interference was contemplated: he would not be convinced. He said, in his own peculiar vernacular, that the very aspect of the place implied rules and regulations—together with periodical visits from pale-faced gentlemen, with spectacles, white neckcloths, and long lectures.—It is pitiable to know that this man represented the feelings of a very large number of his class. Moreover, a great number of objectors are amateurs of ornithology and zoology. The moment some of them found they would not be allowed to keep pigs, or pigeons, or fowls, or rabbits, or dogs, they declined inquiring further particulars, and walked away. All this is very lamentable, because it renders the benevolent labours of such associations as the buildings of these lodgings, when specially directed, almost hopeless. The present generation of lower-class labourers, succumbing to the habits of their fathers, are so beguiled in mind and body, that dirt, and a desire to wallow in a state of uncleanly independence, are almost their second nature. We must therefore turn to their children, and, by educating them, both intellectually and socially, teach them to appreciate the comforts of wholesome habitations.—The new dwellings, however, are not without tenants; who are, indeed, of a higher grade than those aimed at by the Association—persons already living in cleanly comfort, though obtained at extravagant prices. Last week seventy-one houses had been let, chiefly on the upper floors; and these sets were so much coveted that twenty extra applications were then on the books from persons desirous to have the refusal of as many as might be given up by any of the seventy-one. The other houses were being let at the rate of from two to four a day; yet the building is not finished, and will not be wholly habitable until the end of the present month. The tenants are chiefly artisans of a superior order, such as journeymen piano-forte makers, composers, and persons who follow chamber trades, such as tailors, flower-makers, chasers, jewellers, &c., besides clerks, and one or two who possess small independencies. As if to provide an exception on purpose to prove a rule, there is one tenant who belongs to the class for which the building was meant—a gas-maker, from the neighbouring works. We may add that the labours of the Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes do not end in the Old St. Pancras-road. It is their intention to found similar establishments in large manufacturing towns in the provinces:—and we trust, says the *Daily News*, they will be able to secure another site in the metropolis, for a building easily accessible to London journeymen. Example placed before the eyes of the inhabitants of squalid neighbourhoods may in time wean them from the sloughs in which they now choose to exist. If, however, they do not profit by the spectacle of comfort and cleanliness, their children and successors may.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—M. R.—R. A.—W. H.—A. W. T.—A Publisher—received.

J. P. is informed that the subject on which he writes has been under consideration on former occasions; but there are objections. Meantime, there is practically none to the present arrangement. The advertisements, so far as they detach themselves from the paper itself—which they cannot always be made exactly to do,—can now be bound separately as well as under the arrangement proposed by J. P.;—and as the paper is, of course, referred to by means of the index, the break so made in the continuity of the paging can occasion no difficulty. The number in the Index points as truly to the number of the page as it would on the plan suggested.

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40		1,000	34 8 0	14 13 8
50	12th May.	1,000	31 10 0	18 18 0
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65	1812.	1,000	61 11 8	39 19 0

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